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THE DAIRYMAN'S COTTAGE.

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THE

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,

THE

YOUNG COTTAGER

AND THE

AFRICAN SERVANT.

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES—ABRIDGED

BY REV. LEGH RICHMOND,

RECTOR OF TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENG.

WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

PUBLISHED BY THE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

BRIEF SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

BY REV. JOHN AYRE.

Legh Richmond was born at Liverpool, Jan. 29, 1772. He was the eldest child of Dr. Henry Richmond, the descendant of an ancient and honorable family. A remarkable casualty befell him in his childhood, the effects of which he never recovered. At a very early age, in leaping from a wall, he contracted an injury in his left leg, which issued in incurable lameness. It is somewhat singular that an accident nearly similar occurred to his younger and only brother, and also to his second son. Each of them, in infancy, fell from an open window. The former was killed, and the latter was ever after afflicted in the same limb with the same kind of lameness as his father.

After a private preparatory education, Legh Richmond was admitted a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. While an under-graduate, he pursued his studies with a talent and a zeal which

gave fair promise that the highest honors of his year were not beyond his reach. These hopes were however blighted by a severe illness, which was partly owing to his anxious and unremitted application. Precluded by this cause, from engaging in the honorable contention of the senate-house, he received what is academically termed an *ægrotat* degree; commencing B. A. in 1794; and, with some intermissions, he resided in the university three years longer.

We are now to view Mr. Richmond in a totally different character. In the summer of 1797, he became, within the space of a very few weeks, (to borrow his own words,) "academically a master of arts, domestically a husband, parochially a deacon." He had been originally destined to the law; but having imbibed a distaste for that profession, his attention was subsequently directed to the ministry, and he was now admitted to the sacred office. Bradling, a secluded village in the Isle of Wight, was the scene of his earliest pastoral labors. He was ordained to the curacy of this place and the little adjoining village of Yaverland; and in Yaverland church he delivered his first sermon.

These scenes will long be dear to Christian remembrance. Lovely in themselves, and consecrated by the pen of Legh Richmond, they will be viewed with no ordinary feelings; and he who disdains not the "simple annals of the poor," while

he treads the sod which covers "little Jane," or visits the lowly cottage of the "Dairyman," will not fail to glorify God for those who *here* have slept in Jesus, and "though dead, yet speak."

At the time of his ordination Mr. Richmond saw little of the magnitude of that work in which he was engaging. As yet, he was himself but little acquainted with the things of God, and was therefore little qualified to become the spiritual instructor of others. His habits of life were decorous and exemplary, his pulpit compositions interesting and moral, but as yet he was little imbued with the spirit of vital godliness. This man, however, (may it not be said,) was "a chosen vessel to the Lord." Ere many months elapsed a complete revolution was effected in his religious sentiments. This is, under God, mainly to be ascribed to the perusal of Mr. Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity." He now with enlightened understanding and decisive zeal, set himself to "do the work of an evangelist." Not only was he in the pulpit, instant in "preaching the word," but he was also to be found with his pastoral admonitions in the dwellings of his flock, and could descend, with sweet and winning gentleness, to "feed his lambs." The fruit of his labors was speedily apparent. "Little Jane" was the first flower which bloomed from the good seed he was sowing.

The circumstances attendant upon his intercourse

with the subjects of the Annals will be found narrated in the several Tracts. I only observe in this place, that "little Jane" died January 30th, 1799, in her fifteenth year: that the conversations with the "African Servant" were held during the summer of 1803, and that the death of the "Dairyman's Daughter" took place May 30th, 1801: her age was thirty-one.

After a residence of about seven years in the Isle of Wight, where his labors had been evidently and largely blessed, Mr. Richmond removed to London. He was here to take a share in the duties of the Lock Chapel. The very first sermon he delivered from the pulpit of this place was, there is every reason to believe, under God's blessing, the instrumental means of effecting a saving change in the heart of at least one individual.

Scarcely, however, was he well settled in this new scene, when the good providence of God removed him to the rectory of Turvey, Bedfordshire. He was presented to this living by Miss Fuller, in 1805.

Long will the name of Richmond be venerated at Turvey; long will the savor of his affectionate ministrations abide in the hearts of his mourning flock. A singular blessing still attended him. From the earliest to literally the latest, his preaching was visibly "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

It was during his residence at Turvey that most of Mr. Richmond's publications were undertaken. He had previously printed two or three single sermons;* but it was at Turvey that his great work, "The Fathers of the English Church," was carried on. For the superintendence of this important undertaking he was eminently qualified. Accident, or I would rather say, a remarkable providence, had, in the first instance, introduced him, while in the Isle of Wight, to the writings of our earlier and greatest theologians; and the study of them he had ever since zealously prosecuted. To a familiar acquaintance with the works of these divines, Mr. Richmond united the greatest impartiality and judgment in forming his selections. His work therefore presents, in a comparatively small compass, the large proportion of the most valuable of the remains of our martyrs and confessors. It is not perhaps too much to say that it has been mainly instrumental in awakening to the reformers that attention and interest with which they are now increasingly regarded.

It was during his residence at Turvey also that Mr. Richmond drew up the narratives which are contained in the present volume. They were originally (in substance) inserted in the earlier numbers

* These were, a Fast-day Sermon, and one on the Close of the Year, preached at Brading; and a Sermon on Cruelty to the Brute Creation, delivered at Bath.

of the Christian Guardian. Having here attracted considerable attention, they were then published in the form of separate Tracts, and afterwards, with considerable augmentations, in the first edition of this volume.

It may perhaps appear unnecessary to pronounce an opinion on productions which have been circulated by millions, and translated into twenty languages ; and which, in a multitude of well-authenticated instances, have been, by the blessing of God, signally effective of good. I cannot however forbear to say, that in Legh Richmond's writings, more than in those of perhaps any other author, you behold the character of the man. His beautiful simplicity, his lively imagination, his tenderness of feeling, his devoted piety, were the characteristics of the man which enshrined him in the affections of all who knew him. And who can read a page of his annals, and not recognise in those interesting narratives the same simple plainness, the same glowing fancy, the same touching pathos, the same ardent piety ? In sketching his villagers, he has unconsciously delineated himself. He admits us to his retirement and meditations, shows us his hopes and fears, and presents us with all the secret workings of his soul. We admire the gifted minister of God, who in the deep humility of his spirit disdained not to listen to the voice of admonition,

though it reached him from the lowly cottage ; we cannot withhold our affection from the man.

If I were called on to say which of the narratives I prefer, I should most probably be inclined to fix on that of the " Young Cottager." There is something, in my judgment, irresistibly engaging in the character and history of that simple girl. I can *venerate* the high and exalted piety of the " Dairyman's Daughter," who, with a masculine strength of understanding, had ever her word of counsel even for the minister ; but I *love* the little backward, neglected, retiring child, who starts forth at once in all the moral beauty of christian attainment. There is something too in the condition of Jane which seems especially to call for our sympathy. The Dairyman's Daughter was constantly surrounded by a circle of affectionate relatives, who regarded her with reverence and love ; while Jane's religion was, at best, little appreciated, often despised and ridiculed by her family, and her last hours were disturbed by sounds of blasphemy proceeding from a parent. Many of the incidents also of this tale might be appealed to as conferring upon it a *peculiar* interest. The scene, for example, where Mr. Richmond, on his first visit to her, while speaking of the good news of the Gospel, inquires, " Who brings this good news ?" and is answered, " Sir, *you* brought it to *me*," I know not who can read unmoved. Her parting benediction too—" God bless and reward

you"—when with an unexpected exertion she threw her arms around him and died—is inexpressibly affecting.

During his residence at Turvey, Mr. Richmond became extendedly known to the public as the cordial friend and ready advocate of the different religious societies which have, within the last thirty years, grown up amongst us. His persuasive and pathetic eloquence in the pulpit or on the platform, when awakening Christian sympathy in behalf of the idolatrous Gentile, or the unbelieving Jew, will not be readily forgotten by the multitudes who have, so often delighted and instructed, hung upon his lips. I believe his earliest appearance in this character was on the Ninth Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, before whom he was appointed, in 1809, to preach their annual sermon. This sermon may be appealed to as a fair and characteristic specimen of his powers in the pulpit; though I must be allowed to say, that his flowing and harmonious language, his graceful delivery and sweet expression of features, beaming with love to God and good will to men, imparted a charm which the mere reader of a printed sermon can by no means duly appreciate.

His preaching, for a long series of years, was altogether extemporaneous. His ready utterance, his exuberant fancy, his aptness of illustration, his deep knowledge of divine things, rendered his ser-

mons always interesting and useful. Perhaps he did not, upon common occasions, allow himself sufficient previous study ; but if this *were* his fault, he acted upon principle. " Why," he would often say, " why need I labor, when our simple villagers are far more *usefully* instructed in my plain, easy, familiar manner ? The only result would be, that I should address them in a style beyond their comprehension."

His appearance on the platform of a public meeting was universally hailed with pleasure. His ready adaptation of passing incidents, the suavity of his addresses, sometimes solemn, sometimes even jocose, interspersed with interesting narratives, which he could so well relate, deservedly placed him high in public esteem.

I ought perhaps to state, that in 1814 Mr. Richmond was appointed chaplain to the late Duke of Kent, by whom he was honored with a share of his Royal Highness' friendship. In 1817 Mr. R. was presented, by the late Emperor Alexander, of Russia, with a splendid ring, as a testimony of the approbation with which his Imperial Majesty viewed the narratives in this volume.

Many peaceful years were passed at Turvey. Happy in the bosom of his family, no man more excelled as a pattern of domestic virtues than Legh Richmond.

At length, in 1825, Mr. R.'s domestic happiness

sustained a severe blow by the death of his second son, a youth in his nineteenth year. For this beloved child he had fostered many a fond hope and anxious expectation, and beheld, with all a father's joy, his fair promise ; but this flower was withered by consumption, and the bereaved parent, though he submitted as a Christian, yet sorrowed as a man. In a few short months the stroke was repeated. Intelligence arrived that his eldest son, who had been absent many years, had died on his voyage from India to England.

These afflictive dispensations had a marked and peculiar effect upon Legh Richmond. He who used to be the life of the domestic and social circle, would now be silent and abstracted ; yet it was not the morbid gloom of a repining heart, it was rather the solemnity of conviction that *he* should ere long rejoin his lamented children. His bodily health too seemed, in some measure, decaying. His multitude of pastoral duties were too heavy for his strength. For the last twelve months of his life he was troubled with an irritating cough, which seemed to indicate an affection of the lungs. At length (March, 1827) he contracted a violent cold, which issued in pleurisy ; from which, however, he shortly appeared to be recovering. During all this time, when certainly no immediate danger was apprehended, he was peacefully and quietly setting his house in order. To his family he knew the idea of separation

would be agony ; he therefore scarcely hinted to *them* what he felt was nigh at hand, but to a clerical friend, he, in striking words, professed that simple reliance on the atonement of Christ which alone can cheer and support the soul in the hour of dissolution. It soon became evident to those around him, that the flood of life was ebbing calmly yet fast ; and at last, (May 8,) without pain or struggle, the ready spirit sweetly and softly passed from her mortal tenement, and Legh Richmond slept in Jesus !

Farewell, dear friend and father ! Very pleasant were the hours and years of our communion ; but they are passed away, and the savor only, sad yet sweet, remains. " Farewell, dear friend, till the morning of an eternal day renew our personal intercourse !" May *I* meet thee in a better world.

I cannot but connect the closing hours of my beloved friend with that affecting prayer which he has breathed in the Young Cottager. He had been describing the useful course and peaceful termination of a little rivulet which glides through a very lovely glen, by which he was meditating. " May my course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet ! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow-sinners as I travel onwards ! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many ! Like this stream, may I prove the poor man's friend by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the

river of life, wherever I meet them! And if it pleases thee, O my God, let me in my latter end be like this brook! It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not usefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Savior, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity."

That prayer was surely answered. He *did* tell to men, with abundant blessing, of the goodness and mercy of his Savior: he *did* thus gently close his days.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

J. A.

THE

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER

An Authentic Narrative—Abridged.

BY REV. LEGH RICHMOND,

RECTOR OF TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENG.

THE
DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

It is a delightful employment to discover and trace the operations of divine grace, as they are manifested in the dispositions and lives of God's real children. It is peculiarly gratifying to observe how frequently, among the poorer classes of mankind, the sunshine of mercy beams upon the heart, and bears witness to the image of Christ which the Spirit of God has impressed thereupon. Among such, the sincerity and simplicity of the christian character appear unencumbered by those obstacles to spirituality of mind and conversation which too often prove a great hinderance to those who live in the higher ranks. Many are the difficulties which riches, worldly consequence, high connections, and the luxurious refinements of polished society, throw in the way of religious profession. Happy indeed it is, (and some such happy instances I know,) where grace has so strikingly supported its conflict with natural pride, self-importance, the allurements of luxury, ease, and worldly opinions, that the noble and mighty appear adorned with genuine poverty of spirit, self-denial, humble-mindedness, and deep spirituality of heart.

But, in general, if we want to see religion in its most simple and pure character, we must look for it among the poor of this world, who are rich in faith. How often is the poor man's cottage the palace of God! Many of us can truly declare, that we have there learned our most valuable lessons of faith and hope, and there witnessed the most striking demonstrations of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God.

The character which the present narrative is designed to introduce to the notice of my readers, is given *from real life and circumstance*. I first became acquainted with the Dairyman's Daughter by the reception of a letter, a part of which I transcribe from the original, now before me.

"Rev. Sir,—I take the liberty to write to you. Pray excuse me, for I have never spoken to you. But I once heard you preach at —— church. I believe you are a faithful preacher, to warn sinners to flee from the wrath that will be revealed against all those that live in sin, and die impenitent.

"I was much rejoiced to hear of those marks of love and affection which you showed to that poor soldier of the S. D. militia. Surely the love of Christ sent you to that poor man; may that love ever dwell richly in you by faith. May it constrain you to seek the wandering souls of men with the fervent desire to spend and be spent for his glory.

"Sir, be fervent in prayer with God for the con-

viction and conversion of sinners. He has promised to answer the prayer of faith that is put up in his Son's name. 'Ask what you will, and it shall be granted you.' Through faith in Christ we rejoice in hope, and look up in expectation of that time drawing near, when all shall know and fear the Lord, and when a nation shall be born in a day.

"What a happy time, when Christ's kingdom shall come! Then shall 'his will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' Men shall be daily fed with the manna of his love, and delight themselves in the Lord all the day long.

"Sir, I began to write this on Sunday, being detained from attending on public worship. My dear and only sister, living as a servant with Mrs. —, was so ill that I came here to attend in her place, and on her. But now she is no more.

"She expressed a desire to receive the Lord's supper, and commemorate his precious death and sufferings. I told her, as well as I was able, what it was to receive Christ into her heart; but as her weakness of body increased, she did not mention it again. She seemed quite resigned before she died. I do hope she has gone from a world of death and sin, to be with God for ever.

"My sister expressed a wish that you might bury her. The minister of our parish, whither she will be carried, cannot come. She died on Tuesday morning, and will be buried on Friday or Saturday,

(whichever is most convenient to you,) at three o'clock in the afternoon. Please to send an answer by the bearer, to let me know whether you can comply with this request.

"From your unworthy servant,

"ELIZABETH W———E."

I was much struck with the simple and earnest strain of devotion which the letter breathed. It was but indifferently written and spelt; but this the rather tended to endear the hitherto unknown writer, as it seemed characteristic of the union of humbleness of station with eminence of piety. I felt quite thankful that I was favored with a correspondent of this description; the more so, as such characters were, at that time, very rare in the neighborhood. As soon as it was read, I inquired who was the bearer of it.

"He is waiting at the outside of the gate, Sir," was the reply.

I went out to speak to him; and saw a venerable old man, whose long hoary hair and deeply wrinkled countenance commanded more than common respect. He was resting his arm upon the gate, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. On my approach he made a low bow, and said,

"Sir, I have brought you a letter from my daughter; but I fear you will think us very bold in asking you to take so much trouble."

"By no means," I replied; "I shall be truly glad to oblige you and any of your family in this matter."

I desired him to come into the house, and then said,

"What is your occupation?"

"Sir, I have lived most of my days in a little cottage at ———, six miles from here. I have rented a few acres of ground and kept a few cows, which, in addition to my day labor, has been my means of supporting and bringing up my family."

"What family have you?"

"A wife, now getting very aged and helpless; two sons and one daughter; for my other poor dear child is just departed out of this wicked world."

"I hope for a better."

"I hope so too; poor thing, she did not use to take to such good ways as her sister; but I do believe that her sister's manner of talking with her before she died was the means of saving her soul. What a mercy it is to have such a child as mine is! I never thought about my own soul seriously till she, poor girl, begged and prayed me to flee from the wrath to come."

"How old are you?"

"Turned seventy, and my wife is older; we are getting old and almost past our labor; but our daughter has left a good place, where she lived in service, on purpose to come home and take care of

us and our little dairy. And a dear, dutiful, affectionate girl she is."

"Was she always so?"

"No, Sir; when she was very young she was all for the world, and pleasure, and dress, and company. Indeed we were all very ignorant, and thought, if we took care for this life, and wronged nobody, we should be sure to go to heaven at last. My daughters were both willful, and, like ourselves, were strangers to the ways of God and the word of his grace. But the eldest of them went out to service; and some years ago she heard a sermon preached at —— church, and from that time she became quite an altered creature. She began to read the Bible, and became quite sober and steady. The first time she came home afterwards to see us, she brought us a guinea which she had saved from her wages, and said, as we were getting old, she was sure we should want help: adding, that she did not wish to spend it in fine clothes, as she used to do, only to feed pride and vanity. She would rather show gratitude to her dear father and mother; and this, she said, because Christ had shown such mercy to her.

"We wondered to hear her talk, and took great delight in her company, for her temper and behavior were so humble and kind, she seemed so desirous to do us good both in soul and body, and was so different from what we had ever seen her be-

fore, that, careless and ignorant as we had been, we began to think there must be something real in religion, or it never could alter a person so much in a little time.

"Her younger sister, poor soul, used to laugh and ridicule her at that time, and said her head was turned with her new ways. 'No, sister,' she would say, 'not my *head*, but I hope my *heart* is turned from the love of sin to the love of God. I wish you may one day see, as I do, the danger and vanity of your present condition.'

"Her poor sister would reply, 'I do not want to hear any of your preaching: I am no worse than other people, and that is enough for me.'—'Well, sister,' Elizabeth would say, 'If you will not hear me, you cannot hinder me from praying for you, which I do with all my heart.'

"And now, Sir, I believe those prayers are answered. For when her sister was taken ill, Elizabeth went to wait in her place and take care of her. She said a great deal to her about her soul; and the poor girl began to be so deeply affected, and sensible of her past sin, and so thankful for her sister's kind behavior, that it gave her great hopes indeed for her sake. When my wife and I went to see her as she lay sick, she told us how grieved and ashamed she was of her past life; but said, she had a hope, through grace, that her dear sister's Savior would be her Savior too; for she saw her

own sinfulness, felt her own helplessness, and only wished to cast herself upon Christ as her hope and salvation.

"And now, Sir, she is gone, and I hope and think her sister's prayers for her conversion to God have been answered. The Lord grant the same, for her poor father and mother's sake likewise."

This conversation was a very pleasing commentary upon the letter which I had received, and made me anxious both to comply with the request, and to become acquainted with the writer. I promised the good old Dairyman I would attend the funeral on Friday, at the appointed hour; and after some more conversation respecting his own state of mind under the present trial, he went away.

He was a reverend old man; his furrowed cheeks, white locks, weeping eyes, bent shoulders, and feeble gait, were characteristic of the aged pilgrim; and as he slowly departed, supported by a stick, which seemed to have been the companion of many a long year, a train of reflections occurred which I retrace with emotion and pleasure.

At the appointed hour I arrived at the church; and after a little while, was summoned to meet at the church-yard gate a very decent funeral procession. The aged parents, the elder brother and the sister, with other relatives, formed an affecting group. I was struck with the humble, pious, and

pleasing countenance of the young woman from whom I received the letter: it bore the marks of great seriousness without affectation, and of much serenity mingled with a glow of devotion.

A circumstance occurred during the burial service, which I think it right to mention.

A man of the village, who had hitherto been of a very careless and even profligate character, came into the church through mere curiosity, and with no better purpose than that of a vacant gazing at the ceremony. He came likewise to the grave; and during the burial service his mind received a deep, serious conviction of his sin and danger, through some of the expressions contained therein. It was an impression that never wore off, but gradually ripened into the most satisfactory evidence of an entire change, of which I had many and long continued proofs. He always referred to the burial service, and to some particular sentences of it, as the clearly ascertained instrument of bringing him, through grace, to the knowledge of the truth.

The day was therefore one to be remembered. Remembered let it be by those who love to hear "the short and simple annals of the poor."

Was there not a manifest and happy connection between the circumstances that providentially brought the serious and the careless to the same grave on that day together? How much do *they* lose, who neglect to trace the leadings of God in

providence, as links in the chain of his eternal purpose of redemption and grace !

“ While infidels may scoff, let us adore.”

After the service was concluded, I had a short conversation with the good old couple and their daughter. Her aspect and address were highly interesting. I promised to visit their cottage ; and from that time became well acquainted with them. Let us bless the God of the poor, and pray continually that the poor may become rich in faith, and the rich be made poor in spirit.

A sweet solemnity often possesses the mind, while retracing past intercourse with departed friends. How much is this increased, when they were such as lived and died in the Lord ! The remembrance of former scenes and conversations with those who, we believe, are now enjoying the uninterrupted happiness of a better world, fills the heart with pleasing sadness, and animates the soul with the hopeful anticipation of a day when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed in the assembling of all his children together, never more to be separated. Whether they were rich or poor, while on earth, is a matter of trifling consequence ; the valuable part of their character is, that they are now kings and priests unto God. In the number of

departed believers, with whom I once loved to converse on the grace and glory of the kingdom of God, was the Dairyman's Daughter.

About a week after the funeral I went to visit the family at ———, where the youngest sister had lived and died, and where Elizabeth had remained for a short time. She was in deep mourning; but there was a calmness and serenity in her countenance which exceedingly struck me, and impressed some idea of those attainments which a farther acquaintance with her afterwards so much increased. After a brief interview, I left her with an assurance that I proposed very shortly to visit her parents, to whom she was about to return.

I quitted the house with no small degree of satisfaction, in consequence of the new acquaintance which I had formed. I discovered traces of a cultivated as well as a spiritual mind. I felt that religious intercourse with those of low estate may be rendered eminently useful to others whose outward station and advantages are far above their own.

How often does it appear that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

It was not unfrequently my custom, when my

mind was filled with any interesting subject for meditation, to seek some spot where the beauties of natural prospect might help to form pleasing and useful associations. I therefore ascended gradually to the very summit of the hill adjoining the mansion where my visit had just been made. Here was placed an elevated sea-mark : it was in the form of a triangular pyramid, and built of stone. I sat down on the ground near it, and looked at the surrounding prospect, which was distinguished for beauty and magnificence. It was a lofty station which commanded a complete circle of interesting objects to engage the spectator's attention.

Southward the view was terminated by a long range of hills, at about six miles distance. They met, to the westward, another chain of hills, of which the one whereon I sat formed a link, and the whole together nearly encompassed a rich and fruitful valley filled with corn-fields and pastures. Through this vale winded a small river for many miles ; much cattle were feeding on its banks. Here and there lesser eminences arose in the valley ; some covered with wood, others with corn or grass, and a few with heath or fern. One of these little hills was distinguished by a parish church at the top, presenting a striking feature in the landscape. Another of these elevations, situated in the centre of the valley, was adorned with a venerable holly-tree, which has grown there for ages. Its singular

height and wide-spreading dimensions not only render it an object of curiosity to the traveler, but of daily usefulness to the pilot, as a mark visible from the sea, whereby to direct his vessel safe into harbor. Villages, churches, country-seats, farm-houses, and cottages, were scattered over every part of the southern valley. In this direction also, at the foot of the hill where I was stationed, appeared the ancient mansion which I had just quitted, embellished with its woods, groves, and gardens.

South-eastward I saw the open sea, bounded only by the horizon. The sun shone, and gilded the waves with a glittering light, that sparkled in the most brilliant manner. More to the east, in continuation of that line of hills where I was placed, rose two downs, one beyond the other, both covered with sheep, and the sea just visible over the farthest of them, as a terminating boundary. In this point ships were seen, some sailing, others at anchor. Here the little river, which watered the southern valley, finished its course, and ran through meadows into the sea in an eastward direction.

On the north the sea appeared like a noble river, varying from three to seven miles in breadth, between the banks of the opposite coast and those of the island which I inhabited. Immediately underneath me was a fine woody district of country, diversified by many pleasing objects. Distant towns were visible on the opposite shore. Numbers of

ships occupied the sheltered station which this northern channel afforded them. The eye roamed with delight over an expanse of near and remote beauties, which alternately caught the observation, and which harmonized together and produced a scene of peculiar interest.

Westward the hills followed each other, forming several intermediate and partial valleys, in a kind of undulations, like the waves of the sea; and, bending to the south, completed the boundary of the larger valley, before described, to the southward of the hill on which I sat. In many instances the hills were cultivated with corn to their very summits, and seemed to defy the inclemency of weather, which, at these heights, usually renders the ground incapable of bringing forth and ripening the crops of grain. One hill alone, the highest in elevation, and about ten miles to the south-westward, was enveloped in a cloud, which just permitted a dim and hazy sight of a signal-post, a lighthouse, and an ancient chantry, built on its summit.

Amidst these numerous specimens of delightful scenery I found a mount for contemplation, and here I indulged it.

“How much of the natural beauties of Paradise still remain in the world, although its spiritual character has been so awfully defaced by sin! But when divine grace renews the heart of the fallen sinner, Paradise is regained, and much of its beauty

restored to the soul. As this prospect is compounded of hill and dale, land and sea, woods and plains, all sweetly blended together and relieving each other in the landscape, so do the gracious dispositions wrought in the soul, produce a beauty and harmony of scene to which it was before a stranger."

I looked towards the village, in the plain below, where the Dairyman's younger daughter was buried. I retraced the simple solemnities of the funeral: I connected the principles and conduct of her sister with the present probably happy state of her soul in the world of spirits, and was greatly impressed with a sense of the importance of family influence as a means of grace. "That young woman," I thought, "has been the conductor of not only a sister, but perhaps a father and mother also, to the true knowledge of God, and may, by divine blessing, become so to others. It is a glorious occupation to win souls to Christ, and guide them out of Egyptian bondage through the wilderness into the promised Canaan. Happy are the families who are walking hand in hand together, as pilgrims, towards the heavenly country. May the number of such be daily increased!"

Casting my eye over the numerous dwellings in the vales on my right and left, I could not help thinking, "how many of their inhabitants are ignorant of the ways of God, and strangers to his grace! May this thought stimulate to activity and diligence

in the cause of immortal souls ! They are precious in God's sight—they ought to be so in ours."

Some pointed and affecting observations to that effect recurred to my mind as having been made by the young person with whom I had been just conversing. Her mind appeared to be much impressed with the duty of speaking and acting for God "while it is day;" conscious that "the night cometh when no man can work."

I soon rode, for the first time, to see the family of the Dairyman at their own home. The principal part of the road lay through retired, narrow lanes, beautifully over-arched with groves of nut and other trees, which screened the traveler from the rays of the sun, and afforded many interesting objects for admiration in the beautiful flowers, shrubs, and young trees, which grew upon the high banks on each side of the road. Many grotesque rocks, with little streams of water occasionally breaking out of them, varied the recluse scenery, and produced a romantic and pleasing effect.

Here and there the more distant and rich prospect beyond appeared through gaps and hollow places on the road-side. Lofty hills, with navy signal-posts, obelisks, and light-houses on their summits, appeared at these intervals : rich corn-fields were also visible through some of the open places ; and now and then, when the road ascended a hill, the

sea, with ships at various distances, opened delightfully upon me. But, for the most part, shady seclusion, and objects of a more minute and confined nature, gave a character to the journey, and invited contemplation.

What do not *they* lose who are strangers to serious meditation on the wonders and beauties of nature ! How gloriously the God of creation shines in his works ! Not a tree, or leaf, or flower—not a bird or insect, but proclaims, in glowing language, “God made me.”

As I approached the village where the good old Dairyman dwelt, I observed him in a little field driving a few cows before him towards a yard and hovel which adjoined his cottage. I advanced very near him without his observing me, for his sight was dim. On my calling out to him, he started at the sound of my voice, but with much gladness of countenance welcomed me, saying, “Bless your heart, Sir, I am very glad you are come ; we have looked for you every day this week.”

The cottage-door opened, and the daughter came out followed by her aged and infirm mother. The sight of me naturally brought to recollection the grave at which we had before met. Tears of affection mingled with the smile of satisfaction with which I was received by these worthy cottagers. I dismounted, and was conducted through a very neat little garden, part of which was shaded by two

large, overspreading elm-trees, to the house. Decency and cleanliness were manifest within and without. Every thing wore the aspect of neatness and propriety. On each side of the fire-place stood an old oaken arm-chair, where the venerable parents rested their weary limbs after the day's labor was over. On a shelf, in one corner, lay two Bibles, with a few religious books and Tracts. The little room had two windows; a lovely prospect of hills, woods, and fields, appeared through one—the other was more than half obscured by the branches of a vine which was trained across it; between its leaves the sun shone, and cast a cheerful light over the whole place.

This, thought I, is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson in each, through the blessing of God on this visit.

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should come so far to see us."

"My Master," I replied, "came a great deal farther to visit us poor sinners. He left the bosom of his Father, laid aside his glory, and came down to this lower world on a visit of mercy and love; and ought not we, if we profess to follow him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good, as he did?"

The old man now came in and joined his wife

and daughter in giving me a cordial welcome. Our conversation soon turned to the late loss they had sustained ; and the pious and sensible disposition of the daughter was peculiarly manifested, as well in what she said to her parents, as in what she said to me. I was struck with the good sense and agreeable manner which accompanied her expressions of devotedness to God, and love to Christ, for the great mercies which he had bestowed upon her. She seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of my visit to the best purpose for her own and her parents' sake ; yet there was nothing of unbecoming forwardness, no self-consequence or conceitedness in her behavior. She united the firmness and earnestness of the Christian with the modesty of the female and the dutifulness of the daughter. It was impossible to be in her company, and not observe how truly her temper and conversation adorned the evangelical principles which she professed.

I soon discovered how eager and how successful also she had been in her endeavors to bring her father and mother to the knowledge and experience of the truth. This is a lovely circumstance in the character of a young Christian. If it hath pleased God, in the free dispensations of his mercy, to call the child by his grace, while the parent remains still in ignorance and sin, how great is the duty of that child to do what is possible for the conversion

of those to whom it owes its birth! Happy is it when the ties of grace sanctify those of nature!

This aged couple evidently looked upon and spoke of their daughter as their teacher and admonisher in divine things, while they received from her every token of filial submission and obedience, testified by continual endeavors to serve and assist them to the utmost in the little concerns of the household.

The religion of this young woman was of a highly spiritual character, and of no ordinary attainment. Her views of the divine plan in saving the sinner, were clear and scriptural. She spoke much of the joys and sorrows which, in the course of her religious progress, she had experienced; but she was fully sensible that there is far more in real religion than mere occasional transition from one frame of mind and spirit to another. She believed that the experimental acquaintance of the heart with God, principally consisted in so living upon Christ by faith, as to seek to live like him by love. She knew that the love of God toward the sinner, and the path of duty prescribed to the sinner, are both of an unchangeable nature. In a believing dependence on the one, and an affectionate walk in the other, she sought and found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" "for so he giveth his beloved rest."

She had read but few books besides her Bible;

but these few were excellent in their kind, and she spoke of their contents as one who knew their value. In addition to a Bible and Common Prayer-Book, "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Romaine's Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," "Bunyan's Pilgrim," "Alleine's Alarm," "Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest," a hymn-book, and a few Tracts, composed her library.

I observed in her countenance a pale and delicate look, which I afterwards found to be a pre-sage of consumption; and the idea then occurred to me that she would not live very long. In fact, it pleased God to take her hence about a year and a half after I first saw her.

Time passed on swiftly with this interesting family; and after having partaken of some plain and wholesome refreshment, and enjoyed a few hours conversation with them, I found it was necessary for me to return homewards.

"I thank you, Sir," said the daughter, "for your christian kindness to me and my friends. I believe the blessing of the Lord has attended your visit, and I hope I have experienced it to be so. My dear father and mother will, I am sure, remember it, and I rejoice in an opportunity, which we have never before enjoyed, of seeing a serious minister under this roof. My Savior has been abundantly good to me in plucking me 'as a brand from the burning,' and showing me the way of life and peace: and I

hope it is my heart's desire to live to his glory. But I long to see these dear friends enjoy the comfort and power of religion also."

"I think it evident," I replied, "that the promise is fulfilled in their case : ' It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.' "

"I believe it," she said, "and praise God for the blessed hope."

"Thank him too that you have been the happy instrument of bringing them to the light."

"I do, Sir; yet when I think of my own unworthiness and insufficiency, I rejoice with trembling."

"Sir," said the good old man, "I am sure the Lord will reward you for this kindness. Pray for us, that, old as we are, and sinners as we have been, yet he would have mercy upon us at the eleventh hour. Poor Betsy strives hard for our sakes, both in body and soul; she works hard all day to save us trouble, and I fear has not strength to support all she does; and then she talks to us, and reads to us, and prays for us, that we may be saved from the wrath to come. Indeed, Sir, she's a rare child to us."

"Peace be to you, and all that belong to you."

"Amen, and thank you, dear Sir," was echoed from each tongue.

Thus we parted for that time. My returning meditations were sweet, and, I hope, profitable. Many other visits were afterwards made by me to this

peaceful cottage, and I always found increasing reason to thank God for the intercourse I enjoyed.

I soon perceived that the health of the daughter was rapidly on the decline. The pale wasting consumption, which is the Lord's instrument for removing so many thousands every year from the land of the living, made hasty strides on her constitution. The hollow eye, the distressing cough, and the often too flattering red on the cheek, foretold the approach of death.

I have often thought what a field for usefulness and affectionate attention on the part of ministers and christian friends, is opened by the frequent attacks and lingering progress of *consumptive* illness. How many such precious opportunities are daily lost, where Providence seems in so marked a way to afford time and space for serious and godly instruction! Of how many may it be said, "The way of peace have they not known;" for not one friend ever came nigh to warn them to "flee from the wrath to come."

But the Dairyman's Daughter was happily made acquainted with the things which belonged to her everlasting peace, before the present disease had taken root in her constitution. In my visit to her, I might be said rather to receive information than to impart it. Her mind was abundantly stored with divine truths, and her conversation was truly edi-

fying. The recollection of it still produces a thankful sensation in my heart.

I one day received a short note to the following effect :

DEAR SIR,

I should be very glad, if your convenience will allow, that you would come and see a poor unworthy sinner : my hour-glass is nearly run out, but I hope I can see Christ to be precious to my soul. Your conversation has often been blessed to me, and I now feel the need of it more than ever. My father and mother send their duty to you.

From your obedient and

Unworthy servant,

ELIZABETH W——.

I obeyed the summons that same afternoon. On my arrival at the Dairyman's cottage, his wife opened the door. The tears streamed down her cheek, as she silently shook her head. Her heart was full. She tried to speak, but could not. I took her by the hand, and said,

" My good friend, all is right, and as the Lord of wisdom and mercy directs."

" Oh ! my Betsy, my dear girl, is so bad, Sir : what shall I do without her ?—I thought I should have gone first to the grave, but ——"

" But the Lord sees good, that, before you die

yourself, you should behold your child safe home to glory. Is there no mercy in this?"

"Oh! dear Sir, I am very old, and very weak; and she is a dear child, the staff and prop of a poor old creature, as I am."

As I advanced, I saw Elizabeth sitting by the fire-side, supported in an arm-chair by pillows, with every mark of rapid decline and approaching death. She appeared to me within three or four weeks at the farthest from her end. A sweet smile of friendly complacency enlightened her pale countenance, as she said,

"This is very kind indeed, Sir, to come so soon after I sent to you. You find me daily wasting away, and I cannot have long to continue here. My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my weak heart, and I trust will be my portion for ever."

The conversation which follows was occasionally interrupted by her cough and want of breath. Her tone of voice was clear, though feeble; her manner solemn and collected; and her eye, though more dim than formerly, by no means wanting in liveliness as she spoke. I had frequently admired the superior language in which she expressed her ideas, as well as the scriptural consistency with which she communicated her thoughts. She had a good natural understanding; and grace, as is generally the case, had much improved it. On the present occasion I could not help thinking she was peculiarly

avored. 'The whole strength of grace and nature seemed to be in full exercise.

After taking my seat between the daughter and the mother, (the latter fixing her fond eyes upon her child with great anxiety while we were conversing,) I said to Elizabeth,

"I hope you enjoy a sense of the divine presence, and can rest all upon him who has 'been with thee,' and has kept 'thee in all places whither thou hast gone,' and will bring thee into 'the land of pure delights, where saints immortal reign.'"

"Sir, I think I can. My mind has lately been sometimes clouded, but I believe it has been partly owing to the great weakness and suffering of my bodily frame, and partly to the envy of my spiritual enemy, who wants to persuade me that Christ has no love for me, and that I have been a self-deceiver."

"And do you give way to his suggestions? Can you doubt, amidst such numerous tokens of past and present mercy?"

"No, Sir, I mostly am enabled to preserve a clear evidence of his love. I do not wish to add to my other sins that of denying his manifest goodness to my soul. I would acknowledge it to his praise and glory."

"What is your present view of the state in which you were before he called you by his grace?"

"Sir, I was a proud, thoughtless girl; fond of dress and finery; I loved the world and the things

that are in the world; I lived in service among worldly people, and never had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for, either by master or mistress. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen, than to pray, or hear the word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved, and disliked and often laughed at religious people. I was in great darkness; I knew nothing of the way of salvation; I never prayed, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much lifted up whenever I met with applause. I was tolerably moral and decent in my conduct, from motives of carnal and worldly policy; but I was a stranger to God and Christ; I neglected my soul; and had I died in such a state, hell must, and would justly, have been my portion."

"How long is it since you heard the sermon which you hope, through God's blessing, effected your conversion?"

"About five years ago."

"How was it brought about?"

"It was reported that a Mr. ———, who was detained by contrary winds from embarking on board ship, as chaplain, to a distant part of the world, was to preach at ——— church. Many advised me not to go, for fear he should turn my head; as they said he held strange notions. But curiosity,

and an opportunity of appearing in a new gown, which I was very proud of, induced me to ask leave to go. Indeed, Sir, I had no better motives than vanity and curiosity. Yet thus it pleased the Lord to order it for his own glory.

“ I accordingly went to church, and saw a great crowd of people collected together. I often think of the contrary states of my mind during the former and latter part of the service. For a while, regardless of the worship of God, I looked around me, and was anxious to attract notice myself. My dress, like that of too many gay, vain, and silly girls, was much above my station, and very different from that which becomes a humble sinner, who has a modest sense of propriety and decency. The state of my mind was visible enough from the foolish finery of my apparel.

“ At length the clergyman gave out his text : ‘ Be ye clothed with humility.’ He drew a comparison between the clothing of the body and that of the soul. At a very early part of his discourse I began to feel ashamed of my passion for fine dressing and apparel ; but when he came to describe the garment of salvation with which a Christian is clothed, I felt a powerful discovery of the nakedness of my own soul. I saw that I had neither the humility mentioned in the text, nor any one part of the true christian character. I looked at my gay dress, and blushed for shame on account of my pride. I looked

at the minister, and he seemed to be as a messenger sent from heaven to open my eyes. I looked at the congregation, and wondered whether any one else felt as I did. I looked at my heart, and it appeared full of iniquity. I trembled as he spoke, and yet I felt a great drawing of heart to the words he uttered.

“ He opened the riches of divine grace in God’s method of saving the sinner. I was astonished at what I had been doing all the days of my life. He described the meek, lowly, and humble example of Christ ; I felt proud, lofty, vain, and self-consequential. He represented Christ as ‘ Wisdom ;’ I felt my ignorance. He held him forth as ‘ Righteousness ;’ I was convinced of my own guilt. He proved him to be ‘ Sanctification ;’ I saw my corruption. He proclaimed him as ‘ Redemption ;’ I felt my slavery to sin, and my captivity to Satan. He concluded with an animated address to sinners, in which he exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, to cast off the love of outward ornaments, to put on Christ, and be clothed with true humility.

“ From that hour I never lost sight of the value of my soul, and the danger of a sinful state. I inwardly blessed God for the sermon, although my mind was in a state of great confusion.

“ The preacher had brought forward the ruling passion of my heart, which was pride in outward dress ; and by the grace of God it was made in-

strumental to the awakening of my soul. Happy, Sir, would it be, if many a poor girl, like myself, were turned from the love of outward adorning and putting on of fine apparel, to seek that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; which is in the sight of God of great price.

"The greater part of the congregation, unused to such faithful and scriptural sermons, disliked and complained of the severity of the preacher; while a few, as I afterwards found, like myself, were deeply affected, and earnestly wished to hear him again. But he preached there no more.

"From that time I was led, through a course of private prayer, reading and meditation, to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, in raising sinful dust and ashes to a share in the glorious happiness of heaven. And Oh! Sir, what a Savior have I found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In his fullness I have found all that my poverty could need; in his bosom I have found a resting-place from all sin and sorrow; in his word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief."

"Were you not soon convinced," said I, "that your salvation must be an act of entire grace on the part of God, wholly independent of your own previous works or deservings?"

"Dear Sir, what were my works before I heard

that sermon, but evil, carnal, selfish, and ungodly ? The thoughts of my heart, from my youth upward, were only evil, and that continually. And my deservings, what were they, but the deservings of a fallen, depraved, careless soul, that regards neither law nor Gospel ? Yes, Sir, I immediately saw, that if ever I were saved, it must be by the free mercy of God, and that the whole praise and honor of the work would be his from first to last."

"What change did you perceive in yourself with respect to the world ?"

"It appeared all vanity and vexation of spirit. I found it necessary to my peace of mind to 'come out from among them and be separate.' I gave myself to prayer ; and many a precious hour of secret delight I enjoyed in communion with God. Often I mourned over my sins, and sometimes had a great conflict through unbelief, fear, temptation to return back again to my old ways, and a variety of difficulties which lay in my way. But he who loved me with an everlasting love, drew me by his loving-kindness, showed me the way of peace, gradually strengthened me in my resolutions of leading a new life, and taught me that, while without him I could do nothing, I yet might do all things through his strength."

"Did you not find many difficulties in your situation, owing to your change of principle and practice ?"

"Yes, Sir, every day of my life. I was laughed at by some, scolded at by others, scorned by enemies, and pitied by friends. I was called hypocrite, saint, false deceiver, and many more names, which were meant to render me hateful in the sight of the world. But I esteemed the reproach of the cross an honor. I forgave and prayed for my persecutors, and remembered how very lately I had acted the same part toward others myself. I thought also that Christ endured the contradiction of sinners; and, as the disciple is not above his Master, I was glad to be in any way conformed to his sufferings."

"Did you not then feel for your relatives at home?"

"Yes, that I did indeed, Sir; they were never out of my thoughts. I prayed continually for them, and had a longing desire to do them good. In particular I felt for my father and mother, as they were getting into years, and were very ignorant and dark in matters of religion."

"Ay," interrupted her mother, sobbing, "ignorant and dark, sinful and miserable we were, till this dear Betsy—this dear Betsy—this dear child, Sir, brought Christ Jesus home to her poor father and mother's house."

"No, dearest mother, say rather, Christ Jesus brought your poor daughter home to tell you what he had done for her soul, and I hope, to do the same for yours."

At this moment the Dairyman came in with two pails of milk hanging from the yoke on his shoulders. He had stood behind the half-opened door for a few minutes, and heard the last sentences spoken by his wife and daughter.

"Blessing and mercy upon her," said he, "it is very true; she would leave a good place of service on purpose to live with us, that she might help us both in soul and body. Sir, don't she look very ill? I think, Sir, we shan't have her here long."

"Leave that to the Lord," said Elizabeth. "All our times are in his hand, and happy it is that they are. I am willing to go; are not you willing, my father, to part with me into *his* hands who gave me to you at first?"

"Ask me any question in the world but that," said the weeping father.

"I know," said she, "you wish me to be happy."

"I do, I do," answered he: "let the Lord do with you and us as best pleases him."

I then asked her on what her present consolations chiefly depended, in the prospect of approaching death.

"Entirely, Sir, on my view of Christ. When I look at myself, many sins, infirmities, and imperfections cloud the image of Christ which I want to see in my own heart. But when I look at the Savior himself, he is altogether lovely; there is not

one spot in his countenance, nor one cloud over all his perfections.

"I think of his coming in the flesh, and it reconciles me to the sufferings of the body; for he had them as well as I. I think of his temptations, and believe that he is able to succor me when I am tempted. Then I think of his cross, and learn to bear my own. I reflect on his death, and long to die unto sin, so that it may no longer have dominion over me. I sometimes think on his resurrection, and trust that he has given me a part in it, for I feel that my affections are set upon things above. Chiefly I take comfort in thinking of him as at the right hand of the Father, pleading my cause, and rendering acceptable even my feeble prayers, both for myself, and, as I hope, for my dear friends.

"These are the views, which, through mercy, I have of my Savior's goodness; and they have made me wish and strive in my poor way to serve him, to give myself up to him, and to labor to do my duty in that state of life into which it has pleased him to call me.

"A thousand times I should have fallen and fainted, if he had not upheld me. I feel that I am nothing without him. He is all in all.

"Just so far as I can cast my care upon him, I find strength to do his will. May he give me grace to trust him to the last moment! I do not fear death, because I believe he has taken away its sting.

And oh! what happiness beyond! Tell me, Sir, whether you think I am right. I hope I am under no delusion. I dare not look for my hope at any thing short of the entire fullness of Christ. When I ask my own heart a question, I am afraid to trust it, for it is treacherous, and has often deceived me. But when I ask Christ, he answers me with promises that strengthen and refresh me, and leave me no room to doubt his power and will to save. I am in his hands, and would remain there; and I do believe that he will never leave nor forsake me, but will perfect the thing that concerns me. He loved me and gave himself for me, and I believe that his gifts and calling are without repentance. In this hope I live, in this I wish to die."

I looked around me as she was speaking, and thought, "Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Every thing appeared neat, cleanly, and interesting. The afternoon had been rather overcast with dark clouds, but just now the setting sun shone brightly and rather suddenly into the room. It was reflected from three or four rows of bright pewter plates and white earthen-ware arranged on shelves against the wall: it also gave brilliancy to a few prints of sacred subjects that hung there also, and served for monitors of the birth, baptism, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ. A large map of Jerusalem, and a hieroglyphic of "the old and new man," completed the

decorations on that side of the room. Clean as was the white-washed wall, it was not cleaner than the rest of the place and its furniture. Seldom had the sun enlightened a house where order and general neatness (those sure attendants of pious poverty) were more conspicuous.

This gleam of setting sunshine was emblematical of the bright and serene close of this young Christian's departing season. One ray happened to be reflected from a little looking-glass upon the face of the young woman. Amidst her pallid and decaying features there appeared a calm resignation, triumphant confidence, unaffected humility, and tender anxiety, which fully declared the feelings of her heart.

Some further affectionate conversation, and a short prayer, closed this interview.

As I rode home by departing day-light, a solemn tranquillity reigned throughout the scene. The gentle lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, just penned in their folds, the humming of the insects of the night, the distant murmurs of the sea, the last notes of the birds of day, and the first warblings of the nightingale, broke upon the ear, and served rather to increase than lessen the peaceful serenity of the evening, and its corresponding effects on my own mind. It invited and cherished just such meditations as my visit had already inspired. Natural scenery, when viewed in a christian mirror, fre-

quently affords very beautiful illustrations of divine truth. We are highly favored, when we can enjoy them, and at the same time draw near to God in them.

Soon after this I received a hasty summons, to inform me that my young friend was dying. It was brought by a soldier, whose countenance bespoke seriousness, good sense, and piety.

"I am sent, Sir, by the father and mother of Elizabeth W——, at her own particular request, to say how much they all wish to see you. She is going *home*, Sir, very fast indeed."

"Have you known her long?" I replied.

"About a month, Sir; I love to visit the sick, and hearing of her case from a serious person who lives close by our camp, I went to see her. I bless God that ever I did go. Her conversation has been very profitable to me."

"I rejoice," said I, "to see in you, as I trust, *a brother soldier*. Though we differ in our outward regimentals, I hope we serve under the same spiritual Captain. I will go with you."

My horse was soon ready. My military companion walked by my side, and gratified me with very sensible and pious conversation. He related some remarkable testimonies of the excellent disposition of the Dairyman's Daughter, as they appeared from some recent intercourse which he had had with her.

"She is a bright diamond, Sir," said the soldier, "and will soon shine brighter than any diamond upon earth."

We passed through lanes and fields, over hills and valleys, by open and retired paths, sometimes crossing over, and sometimes following the windings of a little brook, which gently murmured by the road side. Conversation beguiled the distance, and shortened the apparent time of our journey, till we were nearly arrived at the Dairyman's cottage.

As we approached it, we became silent. Thoughts of death, eternity, and salvation, inspired by the sight of a house where a dying believer lay, filled my own mind, and, I doubt not, that of my companion also.

No living object yet appeared, except the Dairyman's dog, keeping a kind of mute watch at the door; for he did not, as formerly, bark at my approach. He seemed to partake so far of the feelings appropriate to the circumstances of the family, as not to wish to give a hasty or painful alarm. He came forward to the little wicket-gate, then looked back at the house-door, as if conscious there was sorrow within. It was as if he wanted to say "Tread softly over the threshold, as you enter the house of mourning; for my master's heart is full of grief."

A solemn serenity appeared to surround the whole place. It was only interrupted by the breeze passing through the large elm-trees which stood

near the house, which my imagination indulged itself in thinking were plaintive sighs of sorrow. I gently opened the door; no one appeared, and all was still silent. The soldier followed; we came to the foot of the stairs.

"They are come," said a voice, which I knew to be the father's; "they are come."

He appeared at the top; I gave him my hand, and said nothing. On entering the room above, I saw the aged mother and her son supporting the much-loved daughter and sister; the son's wife sat weeping in a window-seat with a child on her lap; two or three persons attended in the room to discharge any office which friendship or necessity might require.

I sat down by the bedside. The mother could not weep, but now and then sighed deeply, as she alternately looked at Elizabeth and at me. The big tear rolled down the brother's cheek, and testified an affectionate regard. The good old man stood at the foot of the bed, leaning upon the post, and unable to take his eyes off the child from whom he was so soon to part.

Elizabeth's eyes were closed, and as yet she perceived me not. But over her face, though pale, sunk, and hollow, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, had cast a triumphant calm.

The soldier, after a short pause, silently reached out his Bible toward me, pointing with his finger

at 1 Cor. 15 : 55, 56, 58. I then broke silence by reading the passage, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At the sound of these words her eyes opened, and something like a ray of divine light beamed on her countenance, as she said, "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ."

She relapsed again, taking no further notice of any one present.

"God be praised for the triumph of faith," I said.

"Amen," replied the soldier.

The Dairyman's uplifted eye showed that the Amen was in his heart, though his tongue failed to utter it.

A short struggling for breath took place in the dying young woman, which was soon over, and then I said to her,

"My dear friend, do you not feel that you are supported?"

"The Lord deals very gently with me," she replied.

"Are not his promises now very precious to you?"

"They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

"Are you in much bodily pain?"

"So little that I almost forget it!"

"How good the Lord is!"

"And how unworthy am I!"

"You are going to see him as he is."

"I think—I hope—I believe that I am."

She again fell into a short slumber.

Looking at her mother, I said, "What a mercy to have a child so near heaven as yours is!"

"And what a mercy," she replied in broken accents; "if her poor old mother might but follow her there! But, Sir, it is so hard to part—"

"I hope, through grace, by faith, you will soon meet, to part no more; it will be but a little while."

"Sir," said the Dairyman, "that thought supports me, and the Lord's goodness makes me feel more reconciled than I was."

"Father....mother...." said the reviving daughter, "he is good to me.....trust him, praise him evermore."

"Sir," added she in a faint voice, "I want to thank you for your kindness to me....I want to ask a favor....you buried my sister....will you do the same for me?"

"All shall be as you wish, if God permit," I replied.

"Thank you, Sir, thank you....I have another favor to ask....When I am gone, remember my father and mother. They are old, but I hope the good work is begun in their souls....My prayers are heard.....Pray come and see them.....I cannot speak

much, but I want to speak for their sakes....Sir, remember them."

The aged parents now sighed and sobbed aloud, uttering broken sentences, and gained some relief by such an expression of their feelings.

At length I said to Elizabeth, "Do you experience any doubts or temptations on the subject of your eternal safety?"

"No, Sir; the Lord deals very gently with me, and gives me peace."

"What are your views of the dark valley of death, now that you are passing through it?"

"It is *not* dark."

"Why so?"

"My Lord is *there*, and he is my light and my salvation."

"Have you any fears of more bodily suffering?"

"The Lord deals so gently with me, I can trust him."

Something of a convulsion came on. When it was past, she said again and again,

"The Lord deals very gently with me. Lord, I am thine, save me....Blessed Jesus....Precious Savior....His blood cleanseth from all sin....Who shall separate?....His name is Wonderful....Thanks be to God....He giveth us the victory....I, even I, am saved....O grace, mercy, and wonder—Lord, receive my spirit!

"Dear Sir.....Dear father, mother, friends, I am going....but all is well, well, well——."

She relapsed again.—We knelt down to prayer. The Lord was in the midst of us and blessed us.

She did not again revive while I remained, nor ever speak any more words which could be understood. She slumbered for about ten hours, and at last sweetly fell asleep in the arms of the Lord who had dealt so gently with her.

I left the house an hour after she had ceased to speak. I pressed her hand as I was taking leave, and said, "Christ is the resurrection and the life."

She gently returned the pressure, but could neither open her eyes nor utter a reply. I never had witnessed a scene so impressive as this before. It completely filled my imagination as I returned home.

"Farewell," thought I, "dear friend, till the morning of an eternal day shall renew our personal intercourse. Thou wast a brand plucked from the burning, that thou mightest become a star shining in the firmament of glory. I have seen thy light, and thy good works, and I will therefore glorify our Father which is in heaven. I have seen in thy example what it is to be a sinner freely saved by grace. I have learned from thee, as in a living mirror, *who* it is that begins, continues, and ends the work of faith and love. Jesus is all in all; he will and shall be glorified. He won the crown, and

alone deserves to wear it. May no one attempt to rob him of his glory; he saves, and saves to the uttermost. Farewell, dear sister in the Lord. Thy flesh and thy heart may fail, but God is the strength of thy heart, and shall be thy portion for ever."

I was soon called to attend the funeral of my friend, who breathed her last shortly after my visit. Many pleasing yet melancholy thoughts were connected with the fulfillment of this task. I retraced the numerous and important conversations which I had held with her. But these could now no longer be held on earth. I reflected on the interesting and improving nature of Christian friendships, whether formed in palaces or in cottages; and felt thankful that I had so long enjoyed that privilege with the subject of this memorial. I indulged a sigh for a moment, on thinking that I could no longer hear the great truths of Christianity uttered by one who had drunk so deep of the waters of life. But the rising murmur was checked by the animating thought, "She is gone to eternal rest—could I wish to bring her back to this vale of tears?"

As I traveled onward to the house where lay her remains in solemn preparation for the grave, the first sound of a tolling bell struck my ear. It proceeded from a village church in the valley directly beneath the ridge of a high hill, over which I had taken my way—it was Elizabeth's funeral knell.

It was a solemn sound, but it seemed to proclaim at once the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord, and the necessity of the living pondering these things, and laying them to heart.

The scenery was in unison with that tranquil frame of mind which is most suitable for holy meditation. A rich and fruitful valley lay immediately beneath; it was adorned with corn-fields and pastures, through which a small river winded in a variety of directions, and many herds grazed upon its banks. A fine range of opposite hills, covered with grazing flocks, terminated with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose blue waves appeared at a distance beyond. Several villages, hamlets, and churches were scattered in the valley. The noble mansions of the rich, and the lowly cottages of the poor, added their respective features to the landscape. The air was mild, and the declining sun occasioned a beautiful interchange of light and shade upon the sides of the hills. In the midst of this scene the chief sound that arrested attention was the bell tolling for the funeral of the Dairyman's daughter.

Do any of my readers inquire why I describe so minutely the circumstances of prospect scenery which may be connected with the incidents I relate? My reply is, that the God of redemption is the God of creation likewise; and that we are taught in every part of the Word of God to unite

the admiration of the beauties and wonders of nature to every other motive for devotion. When David considered the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars, which he has ordained, he was thereby led to the deepest humiliation of heart before his Maker. And when he viewed the sheep, and the oxen, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, he was constrained to cry out, "O Lord, our Lord; how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

I am the poor man's friend, and wish more especially that every poor laboring man should know how to connect the goodness of God in creation and providence with the unsearchable riches of his grace in the salvation of a sinner. And where can he learn this lesson more instructively than in looking around the fields where his labor is appointed, and there tracing the handy-work of God in all that he beholds? Such meditations have often afforded me both profit and pleasure, and I wish my readers to share them with me.

The Dairyman's cottage was rather more than a mile distant from the church. A lane, quite over shaded with trees and high hedges, led from the foot of the hill to his dwelling. It was impossible at that time to overlook the suitable gloom of such an approach to the house of mourning.

I found, on my entrance, that several Christian friends from different parts of the neighborhood

had assembled together to pay their last tribute of esteem and regard to the memory of the Dairyman's daughter. Several of them had first become acquainted with her during the latter stage of her illness; some few had maintained an affectionate intercourse with her for a longer period. But all seemed anxious to manifest their respect for one who was endeared to them by such striking testimonies of true Christianity.

It is not easy to describe the sensation which the mind experiences on the first sight of a dead countenance, which, when living, was loved and esteemed for the sake of that soul which used to give it animation. A deep and awful view of the separation that has taken place between the soul and body of the deceased since we last beheld them, occupies the feelings; our friend seems to be both near, and yet far off. The most interesting and valuable part is fled away; what remains is but the earthly perishing habitation no longer occupied by its tenant. Yet the features present the accustomed association of friendly intercourse. For one moment we could think them asleep; the next reminds us that the blood circulates no more—the eye has lost its power of seeing, the ear of hearing, the heart of throbbing, and the limbs of moving. Quickly a thought of glory breaks in upon the mind, and we imagine the dear departed soul to be arrived at its long-wished-for rest. It is surrounded

by cherubim and seraphim, and sings the song of Moses and the Lamb on Mount Zion. Amid the solemn stillness of the chamber of death, imagination hears heavenly hymns chanted by the spirits of just men made perfect. In another moment the livid lips and sunken eye of the clay-cold corpse recall our thoughts to earth and to ourselves again. And while we think of mortality, sin, death, and the grave, we feel the prayer rise in our bosom, "O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

If there be a moment when Christ and salvation, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, appear more than ever to be momentous subjects of meditation, it is that which brings us to the side of a coffin containing the body of a departed believer.

Elizabeth's features were altered, but much of her likeness remained. Her father and mother sat at the head, her brother at the foot of the coffin, manifesting their deep and unfeigned sorrow. The weakness and infirmity of old age added a character to the parents' grief, which called for much tenderness and compassion.

A remarkably decent-looking woman, who had the management of the few simple though solemn ceremonies which the case required, advanced towards me, saying,

"Sir, this is rather a sight of joy than of sorrow. Our dear friend Elizabeth finds it to be so, I have

no doubt. She is beyond all sorrow. Do you not think she is, Sir?"

"After what I have known, and seen, and heard," I replied, "I feel the fullest assurance, that while her body remains here, her soul is with her Savior in Paradise. She loved him *here*, and *there* she enjoys the pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore."

"Mercy, mercy upon a poor old creature almost broken down with age and grief, what shall I do? Betsy's gone—my daughter's dead. Oh! my child, I shall never see thee more! God be merciful to me a sinner!" sobbed out the poor mother.

"That last prayer, my dear good woman," said I, "will bring you together again. It is a cry that has brought thousands to glory. It brought your daughter thither, and I hope it will bring you there likewise. He will in no wise cast out any that come to him."

"My dear," said the Dairyman, breaking the long silence he had maintained, "let us trust God with our child, and let us trust him with our own selves. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord! We are old, and can have but a little farther to travel in our journey, and then"—he could say no more.

The soldier before mentioned reached a Bible into my hand, and said, "Perhaps, Sir, you would

not object to reading a chapter before we go to the church."

I did so ; it was the fourteenth of the book of Job. A sweet tranquillity prevailed while I read it. Each minute that was spent in this funeral-chamber seemed to be valuable. I made a few observations on the chapter, and connected them with the case of our departed sister.

"I am but a poor soldier," said our military friend, "and have nothing of this world's goods beyond my daily subsistence ; but I would not exchange my hope of salvation in the next world for all that this world could bestow without it. What is wealth without grace ? Blessed be God, as I march about from one quarter to another, I still find the Lord wherever I go ; and thanks be to his holy name, he is here to-day in the midst of this company of the living and the dead. I feel that it is good to be here."

Some other persons present began to take a part in the conversation, in the course of which the life and experience of the Dairyman's Daughter were brought forward in a very interesting manner ; each friend had something to relate in testimony of her gracious disposition. One distant relative, a young woman under twenty, who had hitherto been a very light and trifling character, appeared to be remarkably impressed by the conversation of that day ; and I have since had ground to believe that divine grace

then began to influence her in the choice of that better part, which shall not be taken from her.

What a contrast does such a scene as this exhibit, when compared with the dull, formal, unedifying, and often indecent manner in which funeral parties assemble in the house of death!

But the time for departure to the church was now at hand. I went to take my last look at the deceased. There was much written on her countenance: she had evidently departed with a smile. It still remained, and spoke the tranquillity of her departing soul. According to the custom of the place, she was decorated with leaves and flowers in the coffin: these indeed were fading flowers, but they reminded me of that Paradise whose flowers are immortal, and where her never-dying soul is at rest.

I remembered the last words which I had heard her speak, and was instantly struck with the happy thought, that "death was indeed swallowed up in victory."

As I slowly retired, I said inwardly, "Peace, my honored sister, to *thy* memory, and to *my* soul, till we meet in a better world."

In a little time the procession formed; it was rendered the more interesting by the consideration of so many that followed the coffin being persons of truly serious and spiritual character.

After we had advanced about a hundred yards my meditation was unexpectedly and most agree-

ably interrupted by the friends who followed the family beginning to sing a funeral Psalm. Nothing could be more sweet or solemn. The well-known effect of the open air in softening and blending the sounds of music was here peculiarly felt. The road through which we passed was beautiful and romantic: it lay at the foot of a hill, which occasionally re-echoed the voices of the singers, and seemed to give faint replies to the notes of the mourners. The funeral knell was distinctly heard from the church tower, and greatly increased the effect which this simple and becoming service produced.

I cannot describe the state of my own mind as peculiarly connected with the solemn singing. I never witnessed a similar instance before or since. I was reminded of elder times and ancient piety. I wished the practice more frequent. It seems well calculated to excite and cherish devotion and religious affections.

We at length arrived at the church. The service was heard with deep and affectionate attention. When we came to the grave, the hymn which Elizabeth had selected was sung. All was devout, simple, decent, animating. We committed our dear friend's body to the grave, in full hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead.

Thus was the vail of separation drawn for a season. She is departed and no more seen. But she *will* be seen at the right hand of her Redeemer at

the last day ; and will again appear to his glory, a miracle of grace and a monument of mercy.

My reader, rich or poor, shall you and I appear there likewise ? Are we " clothed with humility," and arrayed in the wedding-garment of a Redeemer's righteousness ? Are we turned from idels to serve the living God ? Are we sensible of our own emptiness, flying to a Savior's fullness to obtain grace and strength ? Do we live in him, and on him, and by him, and with him ? Is he our all in all ? Are we " lost and found ?" " dead and alive again ?"

My *poor* reader, the Dairyman's daughter was a *poor* girl, and the child of a *poor* man. Herein thou resemblest her : but dost thou resemble *her* as she resembled Christ ? Art thou made *rich* by faith ? Hast thou a crown laid up for thee ? Is thine heart set upon heavenly riches ? If not, read this story once more, and then pray earnestly for like precious faith. If, through grace, thou dost love and serve the Redeemer that saved the Dairyman's daughter, grace, peace, and mercy be with thee. The lines are fallen unto thee in pleasant places : thou hast a goodly heritage. Press forward in duty, and wait upon the Lord, possessing thy soul in holy patience. Thou hast just been with me to the grave of a departed believer. Now " go thy way till the end be ; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." Dan. 12 : 13.

NOTE. The mother died about six months after her daughter, and I have good reason to believe that God was merciful to her, and took her to himself. May every converted child thus labor and pray for the salvation of their unconverted parents. The father continued for some time after her, and adorned his old age with a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. I cannot doubt that the daughter and both her parents are now met together in "the land of pure delights, where saints immortal reign."

THE
AFRICAN SERVANT.

An Authentic Narrative—Abridged.

BY REV. LEGH RICHMOND,

RECTOR OF TURVEY, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENG.

THE
AFRICAN SERVANT.

During a residence of some years' continuance in the neighborhood of the sea, an officer in the navy called upon me and stated that he had just taken a lodging in the parish for his wife and children, and that he had an African whom he had kept three years in his service. "The lad is a deserving fellow," said the officer, "and he has a great desire to be baptized; I have promised him to ask you to do it for him, if you have no objections."

"Does he know any thing," I replied, "of the principles of the Christian religion?"

"O yes, I am sure he does," answered the captain; "for he talks a great deal about it in the kitchen, and often gets laughed at for his pains; but he takes it all very patiently."

"Does he behave well as your servant?"

"Yes, that he does: he is as honest and civil a fellow as ever came aboard a ship, or lived in a house."

"Was he always so well behaved?"

"No," said the officer; "when I first had him he was often very unruly and deceitful; but for the

last two years he has been quite like another creature."

"Well, Sir, I shall be very glad to see him, and think it probable I shall wish to go through a course of instruction and examination; during which I shall be able to form a judgment how far it will be right to admit him to the ordinance of baptism. Can he read?"

"Yes," replied his master; "he has been taking great pains to learn to read for some time past, and can make out a chapter in the Bible pretty well, as my maid-servant informs me. He speaks English better than many of his countrymen, but you will find it a little broken. When will it be convenient that I should send him over to you?"

"To-morrow afternoon, Sir, if you please."

"He shall come to you about four o'clock, and you shall see what you can make of him."

With this promise he took his leave. I felt glad of an opportunity of instructing a native of that land whose wrongs and injuries had often caused me to sigh and mourn.

At the appointed hour my African disciple arrived. He was a very young-looking man, with a sensible, lively, and pleasing turn of countenance.

I desired him to sit down, and said, "Your master informs me that you wish to have some conversation with me respecting christian baptism?"

"Yes, Sir, me very much wish to be a Christian."

"Why do you wish so?"

"Because me know that Christian go to heaven when he die."

"How long have you had that wish?" I said.

"Ever since me hear one good minister preach in America two years ago."

"Where were you born?"

"In Africa. Me was very little boy when me was made slave by the white men."

"How was that?"

"Me left father and mother one day at home to go to get shells by the sea shore; and, as I was stooping down to gather them up, some white sailors came out of a boat and took me away. Me never see father nor mother again."

"And what became of you then?"

"Me was put into ship and brought to Jamaica, and sold to a massa, who keep me in his house to serve him some years; when, about three years ago, Captain W——, my massa that spoke to you, bought me to be his servant on board his ship. And he be good massa; and me live with him ever since."

"And what thoughts had you about your soul all that time before you went to America?" I asked him.

"Me no care for my soul at all before then. No man teach me a word about my soul."

"Well, now tell me farther about what happen

ed to you in America. How came you there ?”

“ My massa take me there in a ship, and he stop there one month ; and then me hear the good minister.”

“ And what did that minister say ?”

“ He said me was a great sinner.”

“ What, did he speak to you in particular ?”

“ Yes, me think so ; for there was a great many to hear him, but he tell them all about me.”

“ What did he say ?”

“ He say about all the things that were in my heart.”

“ What things ?”

“ My sin, my ignorance, my know nothing, my believe nothing. The good minister made me see that me *think* nothing good, nor *do* nothing good.”

“ And what else did he tell you ?”

“ He sometime look me in the face, and say, that Jesus Christ came to die for sinners, poor black sinners as well as white sinners. Me thought this was very good, very good indeed, to do so for wicked sinner.”

“ And what made you think this was all spoken to you in particular ?”

“ Because me sure no such wicked sinner as me in all the place. The good minister must know me was there.”

“ And what did you think about yourself while he preached about Jesus Christ ?”

"Sir, me was very much afraid when he said the wicked must be turned into hell fire. For me felt that me was very wicked sinner, and that make me cry. And he talk much about the love of Christ to sinners, and that make me cry more. And me thought me must love Jesus Christ; but me not know how, and that make me cry again."

"Did you hear more sermons than one during that month?"

"Yes, sir; massa give me leave to go three times, and all the times me wanted to love Jesus more, and do what Jesus said; but my heart seem sometime hard like a stone."

"Have you ever heard any preaching since that time?"

"Never, till me hear sermon at this church last Sunday, and then me long to be baptized in Jesus' name."

"And what have been your thoughts all the time since you first heard those sermons in America; did you tell any body then what you felt?"

"No; me speak to nobody but to God. The good minister say that God hear the cry of the poor; so me cry to God, and he hear me. And me often think about Jesus Christ, and wish to be like him."

"Can you read?"

"A little."

"Who taught you to read?"

"God teach me to read."

"What do you mean by saying so?"

"God give me desire to read, and that make reading easy. Massa give me Bible, and one sailor show me the letters; and so me learn to read by myself with God's good help."

"And what do you read in the Bible?" "O me read all about Jesus Christ, and how he loved sinners; and wicked men killed him, and he died and came again from the grave, and all this for poor negro. And it sometime make me cry, to think that Christ love so poor negro."

"And what do the people say about your reading and praying, and attention to the things of God?"

"Some wicked people, that do not love Jesus Christ, call me great fool, and negro dog, and black hypocrite. And that make me sometime feel angry; but then me remember Christian must not be angry. Jesus Christ was called ugly black names, and he was quiet as a lamb; and so then me remember Jesus Christ, and me say nothing again to them."

I was much delighted with the simplicity and apparent sincerity of this poor African; and wished to ascertain what measure of light and feeling he possessed on a few leading points. St. Paul's summary of religion* occurring to me, I said, "Tell me

* Now abideth faith, hope, charity: these three, but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. 13: 13.

what is *faith*? What is your own faith? What do you believe about Jesus Christ, and your own soul?

"Me believe," said he, "that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and though me be chief of sinners, Jesus will save me, though me be only poor black negro."

"What is your *hope*? What do you hope for, both as to this life and that which is to come?"

"Me hope Christ Jesus will take good care of me, and keep me from sin and harm, while me live here: and me hope, when me come to die, to go and live with him always, and never die again."

"What are your thoughts about christian *love* or charity? I mean, whom and what do you most love?"

"Me love God the Father, because he was so good to send his Son. Me love Jesus Christ, because he die for poor sinner. Me love all men, black men and white men too; for God made them all. Me love good christian people, because Jesus love them, and they love Jesus."

Such was my first conversation with this young disciple; I rejoiced in the prospect of receiving him into the church, agreeably to his desire. I wished, however, to converse somewhat further, and inquire more minutely into his conduct; and promised to ride over and see him in a few days, at his master's lodgings.

When he was gone, I thought within myself, God hath indeed redeemed souls, by the blood of his Son, "out of *every* kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." It is a happy thought, that "Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God. Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth, O sing praises unto the Lord!"

Not many days after the first interview with my African disciple, I went from home on horseback with the design of visiting and conversing with him again at his master's house, which was situated in a part of the parish near four miles distant from my own. The road which I took lay over a lofty down or hill, which commands a prospect of scenery seldom equalled for beauty and magnificence. It gave birth to silent, but instructive contemplation.

The down itself was covered with sheep, grazing on its wholesome and plentiful pasture. Here and there a shepherd's boy kept his appointed station, and watched over the flock committed to his care. I viewed it as an emblem of my own situation and employment. Adjoining the hill lay an extensive parish, wherein many souls were given me to watch over, and render an account of, at the day of the great Shepherd's appearing. The pastoral scene before me seemed to be a living parable, illustrative of my own spiritual charge. I felt a prayerful wish that the good Shepherd, who gave his life for

the sheep, might enable me to be faithful to my trust.

It occurred to me about the same time, that my young African friend was a sheep of another more distant fold, which Christ will yet bring to hear his voice. For there shall be one fold and one Shepherd, and all nations shall be brought to acknowledge that he alone "restoreth our souls, and leadeth us into the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." On the left hand of the hill, as I advanced eastward, and immediately under its declivity, extended a beautiful tract of land intersected by a large arm of the sea, which (as the tide was fast flowing in) formed a broad lake or haven of three miles in length. Woods, villages, cottages, and churches, surrounded it in most pleasing variety of prospect. Beyond this lay a large fleet of ships of war, and not far from it another of merchantmen, both safe at anchor, and covering a tract of the sea of several miles in extent. Beyond this again, I saw the fortifications, dock-yards, and extensive public edifices of a large seaport town. The sun shone upon the windows of the buildings and the flags of the ships, with great brightness, and added much to the splendor of the view.

I thought of the concerns of empires, the plans of statesmen, the fate of nations, and the horrors of war. Happy will be that day, when He shall make

wars to cease unto the end of the earth, and peace to be established on its borders !

On my right hand, to the south and south-east, the unbounded ocean displayed its mighty waves. It was covered with vessels of every size, sailing in all directions ; some outward-bound to the most distant parts of the world ; others, after a long voyage, returning home laden with the produce of remote climes.

At the south-west of the spot on which I was riding, extended a beautiful semi-circular bay of about nine or ten miles in circumference, bounded by high cliffs of white, red, and brown-colored earths. Beyond this lay a range of hills, whose tops are often buried in cloudy mists, but which then appeared clear and distinct. This chain of hills, meeting with another from the north, bounds a large fruitful vale, whose fields, now ripe for harvest, proclaimed the goodness of God in the rich provision which he makes for the sons of men. It is he who " prepares the corn : he crowns the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks ; the valleys also are covered over with corn : they shout for joy, they also sing."

As I pursued the meditations which this magnificent and varied scenery excited in my mind, I approached the edge of a tremendous perpendicular

cliff with which the down terminates ; I dismounted from my horse and tied it to a bush. The breaking of the waves against the foot of the cliff, at so great a distance beneath me, produced an incessant and pleasing murmur. The sea-gulls were flying between the top of the cliff where I stood and the rocks below, attending upon their nests built in the holes of the cliff. The whole scene, in every direction, was grand and impressive ; it was suitable to devotion. The Creator appeared in the works of his creation, and called upon the creature to honor and adore. To the believer this exercise is doubly delightful. He possesses a right to the enjoyments of nature and providence, as well as to the privileges of grace. His title-deed runs thus : " All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or things present, or things to come ; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

I cast my eye downwards a little to the left, towards a small cove, the shore of which consists of fine hard sand. It is surrounded by fragments of rock, chalk cliffs, and steep banks of broken earth. Shut out from human intercourse and dwellings, it seems formed for retirement and contemplation. On one of these rocks I unexpectedly observed a man sitting with a book which he was reading. The place was near two hundred yards perpendicularly below me ; but I soon discovered by his dress, and by the black color of his features, contrasted with

the white rocks beside him, that it was no other than my African disciple, with, as I doubted not, a Bible in his hand. I rejoiced at this unlooked-for opportunity of meeting him in so solitary and interesting a situation. I descended a steep bank, winding by a kind of rude stair-case, formed by fishermen and shepherd's boys, in the side of the cliff down to the shore.

He was intent on his book, and did not perceive me till I approached very near to him.

"William, is that you?"

"Ah! massa, me very glad to see you. How came massa into this place? Me tought nobody here but only God and me."

"I was coming to your master's house to see you, and rode round by this way for the sake of the prospect. I often come here in fine weather to look at the sea and the shipping. Is that your Bible?"

"Yes, Sir, this is my dear good Bible."

"I am glad," said I, "to see you so well employed; it is a good sign, William."

"Yes, massa, a sign that God is good to me; but me never good to God."

"How so?"

"Me never thank him enough; me never pray to him enough; me never remember enough who give me all these good things. Massa, me afraid my heart very bad. Me wish me was like you."

"Like me, William?" Why, you are like me,

a poor helpless sinner, that must, like yourself, perish in his sins, unless God of his infinite mercy and grace pluck him as a brand from the burning, and make him an instance of distinguishing love and favor. There is no difference ; we have both come short of the glory of God : all have sinned."

"No, me no like you, massa ; me think nobody like me, nobody feel such a heart as me."

"Yes, William, your feelings, I am persuaded, are like those of every truly convinced soul who sees the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the greatness of the price which Christ Jesus paid for the sinner's ransom. You can say in the words of the hymn,

"I the chief of sinners am,

"But Jesus died for me."

"O yes, Sir, me believe that Jesus died for poor negro. What would become of poor wicked negro, if Christ no die for him ? But he die for the chief of sinners, and that make my heart sometime quite glad."

"What part of the Bible were you reading, William ?

"Me read how the man on the cross spoke to Christ, and Christ spoke to him. Now that man's prayer just do for me. 'Lord, remember me ;' Lord, remember poor negro sinner : this is my prayer every morning, and sometime at night too :

when me cannot think of many words then me say the same again, Lord, remember poor negro sinner."

"And be assured, William, the Lord hears that prayer. He pardoned and accepted the thief upon the cross, and he will not reject you; he will in no wise cast out any that come to him."

"No, Sir, I believe it; but there is so much sin in my heart, it make me afraid, and sorry. Massa, do you see these limpets,* how fast they stick to the rocks here? Just so sin stick fast to my heart."

"It may be so, William; but take another comparison: do you cleave to Jesus Christ by faith in his death and righteousness, as those limpets cleave to the rock, and neither seas nor storms shall separate you from his love."

"That is just what me want."

"Tell me, William, is not that very sin, which you speak of, a burden to you? You do not love it: you would be glad to obtain strength against it, and to be freed from it, would you not?"

"O yes; me give all this world, if me had it, to be without sin."

"Come, then, and welcome, to Jesus Christ, my brother; his blood cleanseth from all sin. He gave himself as a ransom for sinners. He hath borne our

* A kind of shell-fish which abounds in the place where we were, and which sticks to the rocks with great force.

griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Come, freely come to Jesus, the Savior of sinners."

"Yes, massa," said the poor fellow weeping, "me will come, but me come very slow; very slow, massa; me want to run, me want to fly. Jesus is very good to poor negro, to send you to tell him all this."

"But this is not the first time you have heard these truths."

"No, Sir, they have been comfort to my soul many times since me hear good minister preach in America, as me tell you last week at your house."

"Well, now I hope, William, that since God has been so graciously pleased to open your eyes, and affect your mind with such a great sense of his goodness, in giving his Son to die for your sake; I hope that you do your endeavor to keep his commandments; I hope you strive to behave well to your master and mistress, and fellow-servants. He that is a Christian inwardly, will be a Christian outwardly; he that truly and savingly believes in Christ, will show his faith by his works, as the apostle says. Is it not so, William?"

"Yes, Sir, me want to do so. Me want to be faithful. Me sorry to think how bad servant me was

before the good things of Jesus Christ come to my heart. Me wish to do well to my massa, when he see me, and when he not see me, for me know God always see me. Me know that if me sin against mine own massa, me sin against God, and God be very angry with me. Besides, how can me love Christ, if me do not do what Christ tell me? Me love my fellow-servants, though as me tell you before, they do not much love me, and I pray God to bless them. And when they say bad things, and try to make me angry. then me think, if Jesus Christ were in poor negro's place, he would not revile and answer again with bad words and temper, but he say little, and pray much. And so then me say nothing at all, but pray God to forgive them."

The more I conversed with this African convert, the more satisfactory were the evidences of his mind being spiritually enlightened, and his heart effectually wrought upon by the grace of God.

The circumstances of the place in which we met together, contributed much to the interesting effect which the conversation produced on my mind. The little cove or bay was beautiful in the extreme. The air was calm and serene. The sun shone, but we were sheltered from its rays by the cliffs. One of these was stupendously lofty and large. It was white as snow: its summit hung directly over our heads. The sea-fowl were flying around it. Its whiteness was occasionally chequered with dark

green masses of samphire, which grew there. On the other side, and behind us, was a more gradual declivity of many-colored earths, interspersed with green patches of grass and bushes, and little streams of water trickling down the bank, and mingling with the sea at the bottom. At our feet the waves were advancing over shelves of rocks covered with great variety of sea-weeds, which swam in little fragments, and displayed much beauty and elegance of form, as they were successively thrown upon the sand.

Ships of war and commerce were seen at different distances. Fishermen were plying their trade in boats nearer to the shore. The noise of the flowing tide, combined with the voices of the sea-gulls over our heads, and now and then a distant gun fired from the ships as they passed along, added much to the peculiar sensations to which the scene gave birth. Occasionally the striking of oars upon the waves, accompanied by the boatman's song, met the ear. The sheep aloft upon the down sometimes mingled their bleatings with the other sounds. Thus all nature seemed to unite in impressing an attentive observer's heart with affecting thoughts.

I continued for a considerable time in conversation with the African, finding that his master was gone from home for the day, and had given him liberty for some hours. I spoke to him on the nature, duty, and privilege of Christian baptism; pointed

out to him the principles of the Scriptures upon that head, and found that he was very desirous of conforming to them. He appeared to me to be well qualified for receiving that pledge of his Redeemer's love ; and I rejoiced in the prospect of beholding him no longer a "stranger and foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints and household of God."

I was much pleased with the affectionate manner in which he spoke of his parents, from whom he had been stolen in his childhood ; and his wishes that God might direct them by some means to the knowledge of the Savior.

"Who knows," I said, "but some of these ships may be carrying a missionary to the country where they live, to declare the good news of salvation to your countrymen, and to your own dear parents in particular, if they are yet alive."

"O ! my dear father and mother : my dear, gracious Savior," exclaimed he, leaping from the ground as he spake, "if thou wilt but save their souls, and tell them what thou hast done for sinners—but—"

He stopped, and seemed much affected.

"My friend," said I, "I will now pray with you for your own soul, and those of your parents also."

"Do, massa, that is very good and kind ; do pray for poor negro souls here and every where."

This was a new and solemn "house of prayer." The sea-sand was our floor, the heavens were our

roof the cliffs, the rocks, the hills, and the waves, formed the walls of our chamber. It was not indeed a "place where prayer was wont to be made," but for this once it became a hallowed spot : it will by me ever be remembered as such. The presence of God was there.—I prayed.—The African wept. His heart was full. I felt with him, and could not but weep likewise.

The last day will show whether our tears were not the tears of sincerity and christian love.

It was time for my return ; I leaned upon his arm, as we ascended the steep cliff in my way back to my horse, which I had left at the top of the hill. Humility and thankfulness were marked in his countenance. I leaned upon his arm with the feelings of a *brother*. It was a relationship I was happy to own. I took him by the hand at parting, appointed one more interview previous to the day of baptising him, and bade him farewell for the present.

"God bless you, my dear massa."

"And you, my fellow-christian, for ever and ever."

The interesting and affecting conversation which I had with the African servant, produced a sensation not easy to be expressed. As I returned home I was led into meditation on the singular clearness and beauty of those evidences of faith and conver-

sion of heart to God which I had just seen and heard. How plainly, I thought, it appears, that salvation is freely by grace, through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. What but the Holy Spirit, who is the Author and Giver of the life of grace, could have wrought such a change from the once dark, perverse, and ignorant heathen, to this now convinced, enlightened, humble, and believing Christian? How manifestly is the uncontrolled sovereignty of the divine will exercised in the calling and translating of sinners from darkness to light! What a lesson may the nominal christian of a civilized country sometimes learn from the simple, sincere religion of a converted heathen!

I afterwards made particular inquiry into this young man's domestic and general deportment. Every thing I heard was satisfactory; nor could I entertain a doubt respecting the consistency of his conduct and character. I had some further conversations with him, in the course of which I pursued such a plan of scriptural instruction and examination as I conceived to be the most suitable to his progressive state of mind. He improved much in reading, carried his Bible constantly in his pocket, and took every opportunity which his duty to his master's service would allow, for perusing it. I have frequently had occasion to observe, that among the truly religious poor, who have not had the ad-

vantage of learning to read in early youth, a concern about the soul, and desire to know the Word of God, have proved effectual motives for their learning to read with great ease and advantage to themselves and others. It was strikingly so in the present case.

I had, for a considerable time, been accustomed to meet some serious persons once a week, in a cottage at no great distance from the house where he lived, for the purpose of religious conversation, instruction, and prayer. Having found these occasions remarkably useful and interesting to myself and others, I thought it would be very desirable to take the African there, in order that there might be many witnesses to the simplicity and sincerity of real Christianity, as exhibited in the character of this promising young convert. I hoped it might prove an eminent means of grace to excite and quicken the spirit of prayer and praise among some over whose spiritual progress I was anxiously watching.

I accordingly obtained his master's leave that he should attend me to one of my cottage assemblies. His master, although he did not himself appear to live under the influence of real religion, or to manifest any serious concern respecting his own state, yet was pleased with my attention to his servant, and always spoke well of his behavior.

I set out on the day appointed for the interview.

The cottage at which we usually assembled was near four miles distant from my own residence, and was situated at the corner of an oak wood which screened it both from the burning heat of summer suns, and the heavy blasts of winter south-west storms. As I approached it I saw my friend, the African, sitting under a tree waiting my arrival. He held in his hand a little Tract which I had given him; his Bible lay on the ground. He rose with much cheerfulness, saying,

“Ah! massa, me very glad to see you; me think you long time coming.”

“William, I hope you are well. I am going to take you with me to a few of my friends, who, I hope, are also the friends of the Lord. We meet every Wednesday evening for conversation about the things that belong to our everlasting peace, and I am sure you will be a welcome visiter.”

“Massa, me not good enough to be with such good people. Me great sinner. They be good Christians.”

“If you were to ask them, William, they would each tell you they were worse than any body. Many of them were once, and that not very long ago, living in an openly sinful manner, ignorant of God, and the enemies of Jesus Christ by thought and deed. But divine grace stopped them in their wicked course, and subdued their hearts to the love and obedience of him and his Gospel. You will

only meet a company of poor fellow-sinners, who love to speak and sing the praises of redeeming love; and I am sure that is a song in which you will be willing to join them."

"O! yes, Sir, that song just do for poor William."

"By this time we had arrived at the cottage garden-gate. Several well-known faces appeared in and near the house, and the smile of affection welcomed us as we entered. It was known that the African was to visit the little society this evening, and satisfaction beamed in every countenance, as I took him by the hand and introduced him among them, saying, "I have brought a brother from Africa to see you, my friends. Bid him welcome in the name of the Lord."

"Sir," said a humble and pious laborer, whose heart and tongue always overflowed with christian kindness, "we are at all times glad to see our dear minister, but especially so to-day, in such company as you have brought with you. We have heard how gracious the Lord has been to him. Give me your hand, good friend, (turning to the African,) God be with you here and every where; and blessed be his holy name for calling wicked sinners, as I hope he has done you and me, to love and serve him for his mercy's sake."

Each one greeted him as he came into the house, and some addressed him in very kind and impressive language.

"Massa," said he, "me not know what to say to all these good friends; me think this look like little heaven upon earth."

He then with tears in his eyes, which, almost before he spoke, brought responsive drops into those of all present, said,

"Good friends and brethren in Christ Jesus, God bless you all, and bring you to heaven at last."

It was my stated custom when I met to converse with those friends, to begin with prayer and reading a portion of the Scriptures.

When this was ended, I told the people present that the providence of God had brought this young man for a time under my ministry; and that finding him very seriously disposed, and believing him to be sincere in his religious profession, I had resolved on baptizing him agreeably to his own wishes. I added that I had now brought him with me to join in christian conversation with us; for, as in old times, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," as a testimony that they thought upon his name, so I hoped we were fulfilling a christian and brotherly duty in thus assembling for mutual edification.

Addressing myself to the African, I said, "William, tell me who made you?"

"God, the good Father."

"Who redeemed you?"

"Jesus, his dear Son, who died for me."

"Who sanctified you?"

"The Holy Ghost, who teach me to know the good Father, and his dear Son, Jesus."

"What was your state by nature?"

"Me wicked sinner, me know nothing but sin, me do nothing but sin; my soul more black than my body."

"Has any change taken place in you since then?"

"Me hope so, massa, but me sometime afraid no."

"If you are changed, who changed you?"

"God, the good Father; Jesus, his dear Son; and God the Holy Spirit."

"How was any change brought about in you?"

"God make me slave when me was young little boy."

"How, William! would you say God made you a slave?"

"No, massa, no; me mean God let me be made slave by white men to do me good."

"How to do you good?"

"He take me from the land of darkness and bring me to the land of light."

"Which do you call the land of light; the West India Islands?"

"No, massa, they be the land of Providence, but America be the land of light to me; for there me first hear good minister preach. And now this place where I am now, is the land of more light;

for here you teach me more and more how good Jesus is to sinners."

"What does the blood of Christ do?"

"It cleanse from all sin. And as me hope, from my sin."

"Are then all men cleansed from sin by his blood?"

"O no, massa."

"Who are cleansed and saved?"

"Those that have faith in him."

"Can you prove that out of the Bible?"

"Yes, Sir; 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' John, 3 : 36."

"What is it to have faith?"

"Me suppose that it is to think much about Jesus Christ; to love him much, to believe all he says to be true, to pray to him very much; and when me feel very weak and very sinful, to think that he is very strong, and very good, and all that for my sake."

"And have you such faith as you describe?"

"O! massa, me think sometimes me have no faith at all."

"Why so, William?"

"When me want to think about Jesus Christ, my mind run about after other things; when me want to love him my heart seem quite cold; when

me want to believe all to be true what he says to sinners, me then think it is not true for me ; when me want to pray, the devil put bad, very bad thoughts into me, and me never thank Christ enough. Now all this make me sometimes afraid I have no faith."

I observed a very earnest glow of attention and fellow-feeling in some countenances present, as he spoke these words. I then said,

"I think, William, I can prove that you have faith notwithstanding your fears to the contrary. Answer me a few more questions.

"Did you begin to think yourself a great sinner, and to feel the want of a Savior of your own self, and by your own thought and doing?"

"O! no, it came to me when me think nothing about it, and seek nothing about it."

"Who sent the good minister in America to awaken your soul by his preaching?"

"God, very certainly."

"Who then began the work of serious thought and feeling in your mind?"

"The good God; me could not do it of myself, me sure of that."

"Do you not think that Jesus Christ and his salvation is the one thing most needful and most desirable?"

"O! yes, me quite sure of that."

"Do you not believe that he is able to save you?"

"Yes, he is able to save to the uttermost."

"Do you think he is unwilling to save you?"

"Me dare not say that. He so good, so merciful, so kind, to say he will in no wise cast out any that come to him."

"Do you wish, and desire, and strive to keep his commandments?"

"Yes, massa, because me love him, and that make me want to do as he say."

"Are you willing to suffer for his sake, if God should call you to do so?"

"Me do think me could die for the love of him; he not think it too much to die for wicked sinner; why should wicked sinner think it much to die for so good and righteous a Savior?"

"I think and hope I may say to you, William, Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Thus ended my examination for the present. The other friends who were in the house listened with the most affectionate anxiety to all that passed. One of them observed, not without evident emotion,

"I see, Sir, that though some men are white, and some are black, true Christianity is all of one color. My own heart has gone with this good man every word he has spoken."

"And so has mine," gently re-echoed from every part of the room.

After some time passed in more general conversation on the subject of the African's history, I said,

"Let us now praise God for the rich and unspeakable gift of his grace, and sing the hymn of "redeeming love"—

"Now begin the heavenly theme,
"Sing aloud in Jesus' name," &c.

which was accordingly done. Whatever might be the merit of the natural voices, it was plain there was melody in all their hearts.

The African was not much used to our way of singing, yet joined with great earnestness and affection, which showed how truly he felt what was uttered. When the fifth verse was ended,

"Nothing brought him from above,
"Nothing but redeeming love."

he repeated the words, almost unconscious where he was.

"No, nothing, nothing but redeeming love bring him down to poor William; nothing but redeeming love."

The following verses were added, and sung by way of conclusion :

See, a stranger comes to view;
Though he's black,* he's comely too
Come to join the choirs above,
Singing of redeeming love.

* Song of Solomon, 1 : 5.

Welcome, Negro, welcome here,
Banish doubt, and banish fear;
You, who Christ's salvation prove,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

I concluded with some remarks on the nature of salvation by grace, exhorting all present to press forward in the heavenly race. It was an evening, the circumstances of which, had they never been recorded on earth, were yet doubtless registered in the book of remembrance above.

I then fixed the day for the baptism of the African, and so took leave of my little affectionate circle.

The moon shone bright as I returned home, and was beautifully reflected from the waters of the lake : harmony and repose characterized the scene. I had just been uniting in the praises of the God of grace and providence ; and now the God of nature demanded a fresh tribute of thanksgiving for the beauties and comforts of creation, as David sang, " When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained : what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him ? "

In a few days the African was baptized ; and not long after he went a voyage with his master.

Since that time I have not been able to hear any tidings of him : whether he yet wanders as a pilgrim in this lower world, or whether he has joined the heavenly choir in the song of redeeming love in

glory, I know not. Of this I am persuaded, he was a monument to the Lord's praise. He bore the impression of the Savior's image on his heart, and exhibited the marks of converting grace in his life and conversation, with singular simplicity and unfeigned sincerity. O! give to God the glory.

THE
YOUNG COTTAGER.

An Authentic Narrative—Abridged.

BY REV. LEGH RICHMOND,

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THE
YOUNG COTTAGER.

I shall plead no apology for introducing to the notice of my readers a few particulars relative to a young female Cottager, whose memory is particularly endeared to me from the circumstance of her being, so far as I can discover, my first-born spiritual child in the ministry of the Gospel. She was certainly the first of whose conversion to God, under my own pastoral instruction, I can speak with any degree of precision and assurance.

Every parent of a family knows that there is a very interesting emotion of heart connected with the birth of his first-born child. But may not the spiritual parent be allowed the indulgence of a similar sensation in his connection with the children whom the Lord gives him? If the first-born child in nature be received as a new and acceptable blessing, how much more so the first-born child in grace! I claim this privilege; and crave permission, in writing what follows, to erect a monumental record sacred to the memory of a dear little child, who, I

trust, will at the last day prove my crown of rejoicing.

Jane S—— was the daughter of poor parents in the village where it pleased God first to cast my lot in the ministry. My acquaintance with her commenced when she was twelve years of age, by her weekly attendance at my house among a number of children whom I regularly instructed every Saturday afternoon.

They used to read, repeat catechisms, psalms, hymns, and portions of Scripture. I accustomed them also to pass a kind of free examination, according to their age and ability, in those subjects by which I hoped to see them made wise unto salvation.

In the summer I frequently used to assemble this little group out of doors in my garden, sitting under the shade of some trees which protected us from the heat of the sun. From hence a scene appeared which rendered my occupation the more interesting; for adjoining the spot where we sat, and only separated from us by a fence, was the church-yard, surrounded with beautiful prospects in every direction.

I had not far to look for subjects of warning and exhortation suitable to my little flock. I could point to the graves and tell my pupils that, young as they were, none of them were too young to die; and that probably more than half of the bodies which

were buried there were those of little children.

I told them who was "the resurrection and the life," and who alone could take away the sting of death. I used to remind them that the hour was "coming in the which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation. I often availed myself of these opportunities to call to their recollection the more recent deaths of their own relatives.

Sometimes I sent the children to the various stones which stood at the head of the graves, and bade them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them. I took pleasure in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the church-yard, each committing to memory a few verses written in commemoration of the departed. They would soon accomplish the desired object, and eagerly return to me to repeat their task.

Thus my church-yard became a book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples.

The church itself stood in the midst of the ground. It was a spacious antique structure. Within those very walls I first proclaimed the message of God to sinners. As these children surrounded me, I sometimes pointed to the church, spoke to them of the nature of public worship, the value of

the Sabbath, the duty of regular attendance on its services, and urged their serious attention to the means of grace. I showed them the sad state of many countries where neither churches nor Bibles were known; and the no less melancholy condition of multitudes at home, who sinfully neglect worship and slight the Word of God. I thus tried to make them sensible of their own favors and privileges. Neither was I at a loss for another class of objects around me from which I could draw useful instructions, for many of the beauties of nature appeared in view.

Eastward of us extended a large river or lake of sea-water, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man-of-war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water, a large sloping extent of bank was diversified with fields, woods, hedges, and cottages. At its extremity stand, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church, still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more espe-

cially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun.

To the south-westward of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees. At the foot of this hill lay the village, a part of which gradually ascended to the rising ground on which the church stood.

From the intermixture of houses with gardens, orchards, and trees, it presented a very pleasing aspect. Several fields adjoined the garden on the east and north, where a number of cattle were pasturing. My own little shrubberies and flower-beds variegated the view, and recompensed my toil in rearing them, as well by their beauty as their fragrance.

Had the sweet Psalmist of Israel sat in this spot, he would have glorified God the Creator by decanting on these his handy works. I cannot write Psalms like David, but I wish in my own poor way to praise the Lord for his goodness, and to show forth his wonderful works to the children of men. But had David been also surrounded with a troop of young scholars in such a situation, he would once more have said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

I love to retrace these scenes—they are past, but the recollection is sweet.

I love to retrace them—for they bring to my mind many former mercies which ought not, for the Lord's sake, to be forgotten.

I love to retrace them—for they re-assure me that, in the course of that private ministerial occupation, God was pleased to give me a valuable fruit of my labors.

Little Jane used constantly to appear on these weekly seasons of instruction. I made no very particular observations concerning her during the first twelve months. She was not then remarkable for any peculiar attainment. Her countenance was not engaging—her eye discovered no remarkable liveliness. She read tolerably well, took pains, and improved.

Mildness and quietness marked her general demeanor. She was very constant in her attendance on public worship, as well as on my Saturday instructions. But, generally speaking, she was little noticed except for her regular conduct. Had I then been asked of which of my young scholars I had formed the most favorable opinion, poor Jane might probably have been omitted.

How little do we oftentimes know what God is doing in other people's hearts! What poor judges we frequently prove till he opens our eyes! His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways his ways.

Once, indeed, during the latter part of that year, I was struck with her ready attention to my wishes. I had, agreeably to the plan above mentioned, sent her into the church-yard to commit to memory an

epitaph which I admired. On her return she told me that in addition to what I had desired, she had also learned another which was inscribed on an adjoining stone ; adding that she thought it a very pretty one.

I thought so too, and perhaps my reader will be of the same opinion. Little Jane, though dead, yet shall speak. While I transcribe the lines, I can powerfully imagine that I hear her voice repeating them.

EPITAPH ON MRS. A. B

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight.
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

The above was her appointed task ; and the other which she voluntarily learned and spoke of with pleasure, is this :

EPITAPH ON THE STONE ADJOINING.

It must be so—our father Adam's fall
And disobedience, brought this lot on all.
All die in him—but hopeless should we be,
Blest Revelation, were it not for thee.

Hail, glorious Gospel! heavenly light, whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die;
And view beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,
A life of endless happiness to come.

I afterwards discovered that the sentiment expressed in the latter epitaph had much affected her. But at the period of this little incident I knew nothing of her mind. I had comparatively overlooked her. I have often been sorry for it since. Conscience seemed to rebuke me, when I afterwards discovered what the Lord had been doing for her soul. I seemed to have neglected her; yet it was not done designedly. She was unknown to us all; except that, as I since found out, her regularity and abstinence from the sins and follies of her young equals in age, brought upon her many taunts and jeers from others, which she bore very meekly. But at that time I knew it not.

I was young myself in the ministry, and younger in Christian experience. My parochial plans had not as yet assumed such a principle of practical order and inquiry, as to make me acquainted with the character and conduct of each family and individual in my flock.

My young scholar soon became my teacher! I *first* saw what true religion could accomplish, in witnessing her experience of it. The Lord once "called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of his disciples," as an emblem and an illus

tration of his doctrine. But the Lord did more in the case of little Jane. He not only called *her*, as a child, to show by a similitude what conversion means ; but he also called her by his grace to be a vessel of mercy and a living witness of that almighty power and love by which her own heart was turned to God.

It was about fifteen months from the first period of her attendance on my Saturday school, when I missed her from her customary place. Two or three weeks had gone by without my making any particular inquiry respecting her. I was at length informed that she was not well. But apprehending no peculiar cause for alarm, nearly two months passed away without any farther mention of her name being made.

At length a poor old woman in the village, of whose religious disposition I had formed a good opinion, came and said to me, " Sir, have you not missed Jane S—— at your house on Saturday afternoons ?"

" Yes," I replied ; " I believe she is not well."

" Nor ever will be, I fear," said the woman.

" What, do you apprehend any danger in the case ?"

" Sir, she is very poorly indeed, and I think is in a decline. She wants to see you, Sir ; but is afraid

you would not come to see such a poor young child as she is."

"Not go where poverty and sickness may call me! How can she imagine so? At whose house does she live?"

"Sir, it is a poor place, and she is ashamed to ask you to come there. Her neighbors are noisy, wicked people, and her own father and mother are strange folks. They all make game at poor Jane, because she reads her Bible so much."

"Do not tell me about poor places and wicked people, that is the very situation where a minister of the Gospel is called to do the most good. I shall go to see her; you may let her know my intention."

"I will, Sir; I go in most days to speak to her, and it does one's heart good to hear her talk."

"Indeed!" said I; "what does she talk about?"

"Talk about, poor child! why, nothing but good things, such as the Bible, and Jesus Christ, and life and death, and her soul, and heaven, and hell, and your discourses, and the books you used to teach her, Sir. Many scoff at her, and say they suppose Jane counts herself better than other folks. But she does not mind all that. She will read her books, and then talk so pretty to her mother, and beg that she would think about her soul."

"The Lord forgive me," thought I, "for not being more attentive to this poor child's case." I

seemed to feel the importance of early instruction more than ever I had done before, and felt a rising hope that this girl might prove a kind of first fruits of my labors.

I now recollected her quiet, orderly, diligent attendance on our little weekly meetings; and her marked approbation of the epitaph, as related above, rushed into my thoughts. "I really hope," said I, "this dear child will prove a true child of God. And if so, what a mercy to her, and what a mercy for me."

The next morning I went to see the child. Her dwelling was of the humblest kind. It stood against a high bank of earth, which formed a sort of garden behind it. It was so steep that but little would grow in it; yet that little served to show not only, on the one hand, the poverty of its owners, but also to illustrate the happy truth, that even in the worst of circumstances the Lord does make a kind provision for the support of his creatures. The front aspect of the cottage was chiefly rendered pleasing by a honeysuckle, which luxuriantly climbed up the wall, enclosing the doors, windows, and even the chimney, with its twining branches. As I entered the house-door, its flowers put forth a very sweet and refreshing smell. Intent on the object of my visit, I at the same moment offered up silent prayer to God, and entertained a hope that the welcome fragrance of the shrub might be illustrative of that

all-prevailing intercession of a Redeemer, which I trusted was, in the case of this little child, as "a sweet smelling savor" to her heavenly Father. The very flowers and leaves of the garden and field are emblematical of higher things, when grace teaches us to make them so.

Jane was in bed up stairs. I found no one in the house with her, except the woman who had brought me the message on the evening before. The instant I looked on the girl I perceived a very marked change in her countenance; it had acquired the consumptive hue, both white and red. A delicacy unknown to it before, quite surprised me, owing to the alteration it produced in her look. She received me first with a very sweet smile, and then instantly burst into a flood of tears, just sobbing out,

"I am so glad to see you, Sir."

"I am very much concerned at your being so ill, my child, and grieved that I was not sooner aware of your state. But I hope the Lord designs it for your good." Her eye, not her tongue, powerfully expressed, "I hope and think he does."

"Well, my poor child, since you can no longer come to see me, I will come and see you, and we will talk over the subjects which I have been used to explain to you."

"Indeed, Sir, I shall be so glad."

"That I believe she will," said the woman; "for she loves to talk of nothing so much as what she has

heard you say in your sermons, and in the books you have given her."

"Are you really desirous, my dear child, to be a true Christian?"

"O! yes, yes, Sir, I am sure I desire that above all things."

I was astonished and delighted at the earnestness and simplicity with which she spoke these words.

"Sir," added she, "I have been thinking, as I lay on my bed for many weeks past, how good you are to instruct us poor children: what must become of us without it?"

"I am truly glad to perceive that my instructions have not been lost upon you, and pray God that this your present sickness may be an instrument of blessing, in his hands, to prove, humble and sanctify you. My dear child, you have a soul, an immortal soul, to think of; you remember what I have often said to you about the value of a soul: 'What would it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Yes, Sir, I remember well you told us that when our bodies are put into the grave, our souls will then go either to the good or the bad place."

"And to which of these places do you think that, of a sinner in the sight of God, you deserve to go?"

"To the bad one, Sir."

"What, to everlasting destruction?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why so?"

"Because I am a great sinner."

"And must all great sinners go to hell?"

"They all deserve it; and I am sure I do."

"But is there no way of escape? Is there no way for a great sinner to be saved?"

"Yes, Sir; Christ is the Savior."

"And whom does he save?"

"All believers."

"And do you believe in Christ yourself?"

"I do not know, Sir; I wish I did; but I feel that I love him."

"What do you love him for?"

"Because he is good to poor children's souls like mine."

"What has he done for you?"

"He died for me, Sir, and what could he do more?"

"And what do you hope to gain by his death?"

"A good place when I die, if I believe in him, and love him."

"Have you felt any uneasiness on account of your soul?"

"O! yes, Sir, a great deal. When you used to talk to us children on Saturdays, I often felt as if I could hardly bear it, and wondered that others could seem so careless. I thought I was not fit to die. I thought of all the bad things I had ever done and said, and believed God must be very angry

with me ; for you often told us that God would not be mocked ; and that Christ said, if we were not converted we could not go to heaven. Sometimes I thought I was so young it did not signify : and then again it seemed to me a great sin to think so ; for I knew I was old enough to see what was right and what was wrong ; and so God had a just right to be angry when I did wrong. Besides, I could see that my heart was not right ; and how could such a heart be fit for heaven ? Indeed, Sir, I used to feel very uneasy."

"My dear Jane, I wish I had known all this before. Why did you never tell me about it ?"

"Sir, I durst not. Indeed I could not well say what was the matter with me ; and I thought you would look upon me as very bold, if I had spoken about myself to such a gentleman as you ; yet I often wished that you knew what I felt and feared. Sometimes, as we went away from your house, I could not help crying ; and then the other children laughed and jeered at me, and said I was going to be very good they supposed, or at least to make people think so. Sometimes, Sir, I fancied you did not think so well of me as of the rest, and that hurt me ; yet I knew I deserved no particular favor, because I was the chief of sinners."

"My dear, what made St. Paul say he was the chief of sinners ? In what verse of the Bible do you

find this expression, 'the chief of sinners?' Can you repeat it?"

"'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners: ' is not that right, Sir?"

"Yes, my child, it is right; and I hope that the same conviction which St. Paul had at that moment, has made you sensible of the same truth. Christ came into the world to save sinners; my dear child, remember, now and for evermore, that Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners."

"Sir, I am so glad he did. It makes me hope that he will save me, though I am a poor sinful girl. Sir, I am very ill, and I do not think I shall ever get well again. I want to go to Christ, if I die."

"Go to Christ while you live, my dear child, and he will not cast you away when you die. He that said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' waits to be gracious to them, and forbids them not.

"What made you first think so seriously about the state of your soul?"

"Your talking about the graves in the churchyard, and telling us how many young children were buried there. I remember you said one day, near twelve months ago, 'Children! where will you be a hundred years hence? Children! where do you think you shall go when you die? Children! if you were to die to night, are you sure you should go to Christ and be happy?' Sir, I shall never forget your

saying 'children' three times together in that solemn way."

"Did you never before that day feel any desire about your soul?"

"Yes, Sir, I think I first had that desire almost as soon as you began to teach us on Saturday afternoons; but on that day I felt as I never did before. I shall never forget it. All the way as I went home, and all that night, those words were in my thoughts, 'Children! where do you think you shall go when you die?' I thought I must leave off all my bad ways, or where should I go when I died?"

"And what effect did these thoughts produce in your mind?"

"Sir, I tried to live better, and I did leave off many bad ways; but the more I strove, the more difficult I found it, my heart seemed so hard; and then I could not tell any one my case."

"Could not you tell it to the Lord, who hears and answers prayer?"

"My prayers (here she blushed and sighed) are very poor at the best, and at that time I scarcely knew how to pray at all as I ought. But I did sometimes ask the Lord for a better heart."

There was a character in all this conversation which marked a truly sincere and enlightened state of mind. She spoke with all the simplicity of a child, and yet the seriousness of a Christian. I could scarcely persuade myself that she was the

same girl I had been accustomed to see in past time. Her countenance was filled with interesting affections, and almost spoke much more than her tongue could utter. At the same time, she now possessed an ease and liberty in speaking, to which she had formerly been a stranger; nevertheless she was modest, humble, and unassuming. Her readiness to converse was the result of spiritual anxiety, not childish forwardness. The marks of a divine change were too prominent to be easily mistaken; and in this very child I, for the first time, witnessed the evident testimonies of such a change. How encouraging, how profitable to my own soul!

"Sir," continued little Jane, "I had one day been thinking that I was neither fit to live or die; for I could find no comfort in this world, and I was sure I deserved none in the other. On that day you sent me to learn the verse on Mrs. B——'s headstone, and then I read that on the one next to it."

"I very well remember it, Jane; you came back and repeated them both to me."

"There were two lines in it which made me think and meditate a great deal."

'Which are they?'

'Hail, glorious Gospel! heavenly light, whereby

'We live with comfort, and with comfort die.'

"I wished that glorious Gospel was mine, that I might live and die with comfort; and it seemed as

if I thought it would be so. I never felt so happy about my soul before. The words were often in my thoughts,

“ ‘Live with comfort, and with comfort die.’

“ ‘Glorious Gospel, indeed!’ I thought.

“ ‘My dear child, what is the meaning of the word Gospel?’

“ ‘Good news.’

“ ‘Good news for whom?’

“ ‘For wicked sinners, Sir.’

“ ‘Who sends this good news for wicked sinners?’

“ ‘The Lord Almighty.’

“ ‘And who brings this good news?’

“ ‘Sir, *you* brought it to *me*.’

Here my soul melted in an instant, and I could not repress the tears which the emotion excited. The last answer was equally unexpected and affecting. I felt a father’s tenderness and gratitude for a first born child.

Jane wept likewise. After a little pause she said,

“ ‘O Sir! I wish you would speak to my father, and mother, and little brother; for I am afraid they are going on very badly.’

“ ‘How so?’

“ ‘Sir, they drink, and swear, and quarrel, and do not like what is good; and it does grieve me so, I cannot bear it. If I speak a word to them about it, they are very angry, and laugh and bid me be

quiet, and not set up for their teacher. Sir, I am ashamed to tell you this of them, but I hope it is not wrong; I mean it for their good."

"I wish your prayers and endeavors for their sake may be blessed; I will do also what I can."

I then prayed with the child, and promised to visit her constantly.

As I returned home, my heart was filled with thankfulness for what I had seen and heard.

Divine grace educates the reasoning faculties of the soul, as well as the best affections of the heart; and happily consecrates them both to the glory of the Redeemer. Neither the disadvantages of poverty, nor the inexperience of childhood, are barriers able to resist the mighty influences of the Spirit of God, when he goeth forth "where he listeth." "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

Little Jane's illness was of a lingering nature. I often visited her. The soul of this young Christian was gradually, but effectually, preparing for heaven. I have seldom witnessed in any older person, under similar circumstances, stronger marks of earnest inquiry, continual seriousness, and holy affections. One morning as I was walking through the church-yard, in my way to visit her, I stopped to

look at the epitaph which had made such a deep impression on her mind. I was struck with the reflection of the important consequences which might result from a more frequent and judicious attention to the inscriptions placed in our burying grounds, as memorials of the departed. I wish that every grave-stone might not only record the names of our deceased friends, but also proclaim the name of Jesus, as the only name given under heaven whereby men can be saved. Perhaps, if the ministers of religion were to interest themselves in this matter, and accustom their people to consult them as to the nature of the monumental inscriptions which they wish to introduce into churches and church-yards, a gradual improvement would take place in this respect. What is offensive, useless, or erroneous, would no longer find admittance; and a succession of valuable warning and consolation to the living would perpetuate the memory of the dead.

When I arrived at Jane's cottage, I found her in bed, reading Dr. Watts' Hymns for Children, in which she took great pleasure.

"What are you reading this morning, Jane?"

"Sir, I have been thinking very much about some verses in my little book. Here they are:

' There is an hour when I must die,
' Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
' A thousand children, young as I,
' Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

‘ Let me improve the hours I have,
‘ Before the day of grace is fled ;
‘ There’s no repentance in the grave,
‘ Nor pardon offer’d to the dead.’

“ Sir, I feel all that to be very true, and I am afraid I do not improve the hours I have, as I ought to do. I think I shall not live very long ; and when I remember my sins, I say,

‘ Lord, at thy foot, ashamed I lie,
‘ Upward I dare not look ;
‘ Pardon my sins before I die,
‘ And blot them from thy book.’

“ Do you think he *will* pardon me, Sir ?”

“ My dear child, I have great hopes that he has pardoned you ; that he has heard your prayers, and put you into the number of his true children already. You have had strong proofs of his mercy to your soul.”

“ Yes, Sir, I have ; and I wish to love and bless him for it. He is good, *very* good.”

It had for some time past occurred to my mind, that a course of *regulated* conversations on the first principles of religion would be very desirable from time to time, for this interesting child’s sake ; and I thought the Church Catechism would be a proper ground work for that purpose.

“ Jane,” said I, “ you can repeat the Catechism ?”

"Yes, Sir, but I think that has been one of my sins in the sight of God."

"What, repeating your Catechism?"

"Yes, Sir, in such a way as I used to do it."

"How was that?"

"Very carelessly indeed. I never thought about the meaning of the words, and that must be very wrong. Sir, the Catechism is full of good things; I wish I understood them better."

"Well then, my child, we will talk a little about those good things which, as you truly say, are contained in the Catechism. Did you ever consider what it is to be a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheriter of the kingdom of heaven?"

"I think, Sir, I have lately considered it a good deal, and I want to be such, not only in name, but in deed and in truth. You once told me, Sir, that 'as the branch is to the vine, and the stone to the building, and the limb to the body and the head, so is a true believer to the Lord Jesus Christ.' But how am I to know that I belong to Christ as a true member, which you said one day in the church, means the same as a *limb* of the body?"

"Do you love Christ now in a way you never used to do before?"

"Yes, I think so, indeed."

"Why do you love him?"

"Because he first loved me—he died for sinners."

"How do you know that he first loved you?"

"Because he sent me instruction, and made me feel the sin of my heart, and taught me to pray for pardon, and love his ways : he sent you to teach me, Sir, and to show me the way to be saved, and now I want to be saved in that way that he pleases. Sometimes I feel as if I loved all that he has said and done, so much, that I wish never to think about any thing else. I know I did not use to feel so ; and I think if he had not loved me first, my wicked heart would never have cared about him. I once loved any thing better than religion, but now it is every thing to me."

"Do you believe, in your heart, that Christ is able and willing to save the chief of sinners ?"

"I do."

"And what are you ?"

"A young but a great sinner."

"Is it not of his mercy that you know and feel yourself to be a sinner ?"

"Certainly ; yes, it must be so."

"Do you earnestly desire to forsake all sin ?"

"If I know myself, I do."

"Do you feel a spirit within you resisting sin, and making you hate it ?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Who gave you that spirit ? Were you always so ?"

"It must be Christ who loved me and gave himself for me. I was quite different once."

"Now then, my dear Jane, does not all this show a connection between the Lord Jesus Christ and your soul? Does it not seem as if you lived, and moved, and had a spiritual being from him? Just as the limb is connected with your body, and so with your head, and thereby gets power to live and move through the flowing of the blood from one to the other, so are you spiritually a limb or member of Christ, if you believe in him. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe I do; and it is very comfortable to my thoughts to look up to Christ as a living head, and to consider myself as the least and lowest of all his members."

"Now tell me what your thoughts are as to being a child of God?"

"I am sure, Sir, I do not deserve to be called his child."

"Can you tell me who *does* deserve it?"

"No one, Sir."

"How then comes any one to be a child of God, when by nature we all are children of wrath?"

"By God's grace, Sir."

"What does grace mean?"

"Favor; free favor to sinners."

"Right; and what does God bestow upon the children of wrath, when he makes them children of grace?"

"A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness ; is it not, Sir ?"

"Yes, this is the fruit of Christ's redeeming love ; and I hope *you* are a partaker of the blessing. The family of God is named after him, and he is the first-born of many brethren. What a mercy that Christ calls himself '*a brother.*' My little girl, he is your brother, and will not be ashamed to own you and present you to his Father at the last day, as one that he has purchased with his blood."

"I wish I could love my Father and my Brother which are in heaven, better than I do. Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner. I think, Sir, if I am a child of God, I am often a rebellious one. He shows kindness to me beyond others, and yet I make a very poor return.

'Are these thy favors day by day,
'To me above the rest ?
'Then let me love thee more than they,
'And strive to serve thee best.'"

"That will be the best way to approve yourself a real child of God. Show your love and thankfulness to such a Father who hath prepared for you an inheritance among the saints in light, and made you an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, as well as a member of Christ and a child of God. Do you know what *the kingdom of heaven* means ?"

Just at that instant her mother entered the house

below, and began to speak to a younger child in a passionate, scolding tone of voice, accompanied by some very offensive language ; but quickly stopped on hearing us in conversation up stairs.

" Ah, my poor mother !" said the girl, " you would not have stopped so short if Mr. — had not been here. Sir, you hear how my mother goes on ; pray say something to her, she will not hear *me*."

I went toward the stair-head and called to the woman ; but she suddenly left the house, and for that time escaped reproof.

" Sir," said little Jane, " I am so afraid if I go to heaven I shall never see my poor mother there. As I lie here a-bed, Sir, for hours together, there is often so much wickedness, and noise, and quarrelling down below, that I do not know how to bear it. It comes very near, Sir, when one's father and mother go on so. I want them all to turn to the Lord, and go to heaven. Tell me now, Sir, something about being an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

" You may remember, my child, what I have told you, when explaining the Catechism in the church, that ' the kingdom of heaven ' in the Scriptures, means the church of Christ upon earth as well as the state of glory in heaven. The one is a preparation for the other. All true Christians are ' heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ,' and

shall inherit the glory and happiness of his kingdom, and live with Christ, and be with him for ever. This is the free gift of God to his adopted children; and all that believe aright in Christ shall experience the truth of that promise, 'It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' You are a poor girl now, but I trust 'an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' You suffer now, but are you not willing to suffer for his sake, and to bear patiently those things to which he calls you?"

"O yes, very willing; I would not complain. It is all right."

"Then, my dear, you shall reign with him. Through much tribulation you may perhaps enter the kingdom of God; but tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. As a true member of Christ show yourself to be a dutiful child of God, and your portion will be that of an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Faithful is He that hath promised; commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

"Thank you, Sir; I do so love to hear of these things. And I think, Sir, I should not love them so much if I had no part in them. Sir, there is one thing I want to ask you. It is a great thing, and I

may be wrong—I am so young—and yet I hope I mean right——”

Here she hesitated and paused.

“What is it? do not be fearful of mentioning it.”

A tear rolled down her cheek—a slight blush colored her countenance. She lifted up her eyes to heaven for a moment, and fixing them on me with a solemn, affecting look, said,

“May so young a poor child as I am be admitted to the Lord’s Supper? I have for some time wished it, but dared not to mention it for fear you should think it wrong.”

“My dear Jane, I have no doubt respecting it,* and shall be very glad to converse with you on the subject; and hope that He who has given you the desire, will bless his own ordinance to your soul. Would you wish it now or to-morrow?”

“To-morrow, if you please, Sir—will you come to-morrow and talk to me about it? and if you think it proper, I shall be thankful. I am growing faint now—I hope to be better when you come again.”

I was much pleased with her proposal, and rejoiced in the prospect of seeing so young and sin-

* It will be perceived that this interesting and excellent Tract is from the pen of a devout Episcopalian; and in publishing this incident entire, it may be proper to say, that the Publishing Committee would not be understood to express any opinion in relation to the practice of administering the Lord’s Supper in private.

cere a Christian thus devote herself to the Lord, and receive the memorials of a Savior's love to her soul.

Disease was making rapid inroads upon her constitution, and she was aware of it. But as the outward man decayed, she was strengthened with might by God's Spirit in the inner man. She was evidently ripening fast for a better world.

I remember these things with affectionate pleasure. I hope the recollection does me good. I wish them to do good to thee likewise, my reader; and therefore I write them down.

I was so much affected with my last visit to little Jane, and particularly with her tender anxiety respecting the Lord's Supper, that it formed the chief subject of my thoughts for the remainder of the day.

I rode in the afternoon to a favorite spot, where I sometimes indulged in solitary meditation; and where I wished to reflect on the interesting case of my little disciple.

It was a place well suited for such a purpose.

In the widely sweeping curve of a beautiful bay, there is a kind of chasm or opening in one of the lofty cliffs which bound it. This produces a very romantic and striking effect. The steep-descending sides of this opening in the cliff are covered with trees, bushes, wild flowers, fern, wormwood, and

many other herbs, here and there contrasted with bold masses of rock or brown earth.

In the higher part of one of these declivities, two or three picturesque cottages are fixed, and seem half suspended in the air.

From the upper extremity of this great fissure or opening in the cliff, a small stream of water enters by a cascade, flows through the bottom, winding in a varied course of about a quarter of a mile in length, and then runs into the sea across a smooth expanse of firm hard sand, at the lower extremity of the chasm. At this point the sides of the woody banks are very lofty, and to a spectator from the bottom, exhibit a mixture of the grand and beautiful not often exceeded.

Near the mouth of this opening was a little hollow recess, or cave, in the cliff, from whence, on one hand, I could see the above-described romantic scene; on the other, a long train of perpendicular cliffs, terminating in a bold and wild-shaped promontory, which closed the bay at one end, while a conspicuous white cliff stood directly opposite, about four miles distant, at the farther point of the bay.

The open sea, in full magnificence, occupied the centre of the prospect; bounded, indeed, in one small part, by a very distant shore, on the rising ascent from which the rays of the sun rendered visible a cathedral church, with its towering spire, at

near thirty miles distance. Every where else the sea beyond was limited only by the sky.

A frigate was standing into the bay, not very far from my recess ; other vessels of every size, sailing in many directions, varied the scene, and furnished matter for a thousand sources of contemplation.

At my feet the little rivulet, gently rippling over pebbles, soon mingled with the sand, and was lost in the waters of the mighty ocean. The murmuring of the waves, as the tide ebbed or flowed, on the sand ; their dashing against some more distant rocks, which were covered fantastically with sea-weed and shells ; sea-birds floating in the air aloft, or occasionally screaming from their holes in the cliffs ; the hum of human voices in the ships and boats borne along the water : all these sounds served to promote, rather than interrupt, meditation. They were soothingly blended together, and entered the ear in a kind of natural harmony.

In the quiet enjoyment of a scene like this, the lover of nature's beauties will easily find scope for spiritual illustration.

Here I sat and mused over the interesting character and circumstances of little Jane. Here I prayed that God would effectually teach me those truths which I ought to teach her.

When I thought of her youth, I blushed to think how superior she was to what I well remembered

myself to have been at the same age : nay, how far my superior at that very time. I earnestly desired to catch something of the spirit which appeared so lovely in her : for simple, teachable, meek, humble, yet earnest in her demeanor, she bore living marks of heavenly teaching.

“ The Lord,” thought I, “ has called this little child, and set her in the midst of us, as a parable, a pattern, an emblem. And he saith, ‘ Verily, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ O that I may be humble as this little child !”

I was thus led into a deep self-examination, and was severely exercised with fear and apprehension, whether I was myself a real partaker of those divine influences which I could so evidently discover in her. Sin appeared to me just then to be more than ever “ exceeding sinful.” Inward and inbred corruptions made me tremble. The danger of self-deception in so great a matter alarmed me—I was a teacher of others : but was I indeed spiritually taught myself ?

A spirit of anxious inquiry ran through every thought : I looked at the manifold works of creation around me ; I perceived the greatest marks of regularity and order ; but *within* I felt confusion and disorder.

“ The waves of the sea,” thought I, “ ebb and flow in exact obedience to the laws of their Creator.

Thus far they come, and no farther—they retire again to their accustomed bounds; and so maintain a regulated succession of effects.

“But, alas! the waves of passion and affection in the human breast, manifest more of the wild confusion of a storm, than the orderly regularity of a tide—Grace can alone subdue them.

“What peaceful harmony subsists throughout all this lovely landscape! These majestic cliffs, some clothed with trees and shrubs; others bare and unadorned with herbage, yet variegated with many colored earths; these are not only sublime and delightful to behold, but they are answering the end of their creation, and serve as a barrier to stop the progress of the waves.

“But how little peace and harmony can I comparatively see in my own heart! The landscape *within* is marred by dreary barren wilds, and wants that engaging character which the various parts of this prospect before me so happily preserve. Sin, sin, is the bane of mortality, and heaps confusion upon confusion wherever it prevails.

“Yet,” saith the voice of Promise, ‘Sin shall not have dominion over you.’ O! then ‘may I yield myself unto God, as one that am alive from the dead, and my members as instruments of righteousness unto God.’ And thus may I become an able and willing minister of the New Testament!

“I wish I were like this little stream of water.

It takes its first rise scarcely a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants—it has watered their little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near its banks. It has satisfied the thirst of the flocks that are feeding aloft on the hills, and perhaps refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and, agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

“May *my* course be like unto thine, thou little rivulet! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow-sinners as I travel onwards. Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like this stream, may I prove ‘the poor man’s friend’ by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life, wherever I meet them! And, if it please thee, O my God! let me in my latter end be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not unusefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Savior, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity!

“Thither,” thought I, “little Jane is fast hastening. Short, but not useless, has been *her* course. I feel the great importance of it in my own soul at

this moment. I view a work of mercy *there*, to which I do hope I am not quite a stranger in the experience of my own heart. The thought enlivens my spirit, and leads me to see that, great as is the power of sin, the power of Jesus is greater; and, through grace, I *may* meet my dear young disciple, my child in the Gospel, my sister in the faith, in a brighter, a better world hereafter."

There was something in the whole of this meditation which calmed and prepared my mind for my promised visit the next day. I looked forward to it with affectionate anxiety.

It was now time to return homewards. The sun was setting. The lengthened shadows of the cliffs, and of the hills towering again far above them, cast a brown, but not unpleasing tint, over the waters of the bay. Farther on the beams of the sun still maintained their splendor. Some of the sails of the distant ships, enlivened by its rays, appeared like white spots in the blue horizon, and seemed to attract my notice as if to claim at least the passing prayer, "God speed the mariners on their voyage!"

I quitted my retreat in the cliff with some reluctance: but with a state of mind, as I hoped, solemnized by reflection, and animated to fresh exertion.

I walked up by a steep pathway, that winded through the trees and shrubs on the sides of one of the precipices. At every step the extent of prospect enlarged and acquired a new and varying

character, by being seen through the trees on each side. Climbing up a kind of rude inartificial set of stone stairs in the bank, I passed by the singularly-situated cottages which I had viewed from beneath ; received and returned the evening salutation of the inhabitants, sitting at their doors, and just come home from labor ; till I arrived at the top of the precipice, where I had left my horse tied to a gate.

The sun was now set ; the bright colors of the western clouds faintly reflected from the southeastern hills, that were unseen from my retreat in the cliff, or only perceived by their evening shadows on the sea, now added to the beauty of the prospect on the south and west. Every element contributed to the interesting effect of the scenery. The *earth* was diversified in shape and ornament. The *waters* of the ocean presented a noble feature in the landscape. The *air* was serene, or only ruffled by a refreshing breeze from the shore. And the sun's *fiery* beam, though departing for the night, still preserved such a portion of light and warmth as rendered all the rest delightful to an evening traveler.

The next morning I went to Jane's cottage. On entering the door, the woman who so frequently visited her met me, and said :

" Perhaps, Sir, you will not wake her just yet ; for she has dropped asleep, as she seldom gets much rest, poor girl."

I went gently up stairs. The child was in a half sitting posture, leaning her head upon her right hand, with her Bible open before her. She had evidently fallen asleep while reading. Her countenance was beautifully composed and tranquil. A few tears had rolled down her cheek, and (probably unknown to her) dropped upon the pages of her book.

I looked around me for a moment. The room was outwardly comfortless and uninviting; the walls out of repair; the sloping roof somewhat shattered; the floor broken and uneven; no furniture but two tottering bedsteads, a three-legged stool, and an old oak chest—the window broken in many places, and mended with patches of paper. A little shelf against the wall, over the bedstead where Jane lay, served for her medicine, her food, and her books.

“Yet *here*,” I said to myself, “lies an heir of glory waiting for a happy dismissal. Her earthly home is poor indeed: but she has a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. She has little to attach her to this world, but what a weight of glory in the world to come! This mean, despised chamber, is a palace in the eye of faith, for it contains one that is an inheritor of a crown.”

I approached without waking her, and observed that she had been reading the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke. The finger of her left hand lay upon the book, pointing to the words, as if she had been using it to guide her eye while she read. I looked at

the place, and was pleased at the apparently casual circumstance of her finger pointing to these words :

“ Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.”

“ Is this casual, or designed ?” thought I—“ Either way it is remarkable.” But in another moment I discovered that her finger was *indeed* an index to the thoughts of her heart. She *half* awoke from her dozing state, but not sufficiently so to perceive that any person was present, and said in a kind of a whisper,

“ Lord, remember me—remember me—remember—remember a poor child—Lord, remember me——”

She then suddenly started, and perceived me, as she became fully awake : a faint blush overspread her cheeks for a moment, and then disappeared.

“ Dame K——, how long have I been asleep ? —Sir, I am very sorry——.”

“ And I am very glad to find you thus,” I replied : you may say with David, ‘ I laid me down and slept ; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.’ What were you reading ?”

“ The history of the crucifying of Jesus, Sir.”

“ How far had you read when you fell asleep ?”

“ To the prayer of the thief that was crucified with him ; and when I came to that place, I stopped, and thought what a mercy it would be, if the Lord Jesus should remember me likewise—and so I fell

asleep, and I fancied in my dream that I saw Christ upon the cross ; and I thought I said, ' Lord, remember me ' —and I am sure he did not look angry upon me—and then I awoke."

All this seemed to be a sweet commentary on the text, and a most suitable forerunner of our intended sacramental service.

" Well, my dear child, I am come, as you wished me, to administer the memorials of the body and blood of our blessed Savior to you ; and I dare say neighbor K—— will be glad to join us."

" Talk to me a little about it first, Sir, if you please."

" Well, you know this is an institution established by Christ himself. The Lord has ordained bread and wine in the holy supper, as the outward mark which we behold with our eyes. It is a token of his love, grace, and blessing, which he promises to, and bestows on all who receive it, rightly believing on his name and work. He, in this manner, preserves among us a continual remembrance of his death, and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

" What do you believe respecting the death of Christ, Jane ?"

" That because he died, Sir, we live."

" What life do we live thereby ?"

" The life of grace and mercy *now* ; and the life of glory and happiness hereafter : is it not, Sir ?"

"Yes, assuredly; this is the fruit of the death of Christ; and thus he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. As bread and wine strengthen and refresh your poor, weak, fainting body, in this very sickness, so does the blessing of his body and blood strengthen and refresh the souls of all those that repose their faith, hope, and affections on him who loved us and gave himself for us."

Tears ran down her cheeks as she said, "O! what a Savior!—O! what a sinner!—How kind! how good!—And is this for me?"

"Fear not, my child. He that has made you to love him thus, loves you too well to deny you. He will in no wise cast out any that come to him."

"Sir," said the girl, "I can never think about Jesus, and his love to sinners, without wondering how it can be. I deserve nothing but his anger on account of my sins; why then does he love me? My heart is evil; why then does he love me? I continually forget all his goodness; why then does he love me? I neither pray to him, nor thank him, nor do any thing as I ought to do; why then such love to me?"

"How plain it is that all is mercy from first to last! and that sweetens the blessing, my child. Are you not willing to give Christ all the honor of your salvation, and to take all the blame of your sins on your own self?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir, I am. My hymn says,

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
‘ To take our flesh and blood ;
‘ He for our lives gave up his own,
‘ To make our peace with God.

‘ He honor’d all his Father’s laws,
‘ Which we have disobey’d ;
‘ He bore our sins upon the cross,
‘ And our full ransom paid.’”

“ I am glad you remember your hymns so well, Jane.”

“ Sir, you don’t know what pleasure they give me. I am very glad you gave me that little book of hymns for children.”

A severe fit of coughing interrupted her speech for a while. The woman held her head. It was distressing to observe her struggle for breath, and almost, as it were, for life.

“ Poor dear !” said the woman, “ I wish I could help thee, and ease thy pains ; but they will not last for ever.”

“ God helps me,” said the girl, recovering her breath, “ God helps me ; he will carry me through. Sir, you look frightened—I am not afraid—this is nothing—I am better now. Thank you, dame, thank you. I am very troublesome ; but the Lord will bless you for this and all your kindness to me ; yes, Sir, and yours too. Now talk to me again about the Lord’s supper.”

“ What is required, Jane, of them who come to

the Lord's supper ? There are five things named in the Catechism—do you remember what is the first ?”

She paused ; and then said with a solemn and intelligent look, “ To examine themselves whether they repent truly of their former sins.”

“ I hope and think that you know what this means, Jane : the Lord has given you the spirit of repentance.”

“ No one knows, Sir, what the thoughts of past sins have been to me. Yes, the Lord knows, and that is enough ; and I hope he forgives me for Christ's sake. His blood cleanseth from all sin. Sir, I sometimes think of my sins till I tremble, and it makes me cry to think that I have offended such a God ; and then he comforts me again with sweet thoughts about Christ.”

“ It is well, my child : be it so. The next thing mentioned in that answer of your Catechism, what is it ?”

“ Steadfastly purposing to lead a new life.”

“ And what do you think of that ?”

“ My life, Sir, will be a short one ; and I wish it had been a better one. But from my heart I desire that it may be a *new* one for the time to come. I want to forsake all my evil ways and thoughts, and evil words, and evil companions ; and to do what God bids me and what you tell me is right, Sir, and what I read of in my Bible. But I am afraid I do

not, my heart is so full of sin. However, Sir, I pray to God to help me. My days will be few ; but I wish they may be spent to the glory of God."

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you, Jane, so that, whether you live, you may live to the Lord; or whether you die, you may die unto the Lord; and that, living or dying, you may be the Lord's. What is the next thing mentioned?"

"To have a lively faith in God's mercy, through Christ, Sir."

"Do you believe that God is merciful to you in the pardon of your sins?"

"I do, Sir," said the child, earnestly.

"And if he pardons you, is it for your own sake, Jane?"

"No, Sir, no : it is for Christ's sake, for my Savior Jesus Christ's sake, and that only—Christ is all."

"Can you trust him?"

"Sir, I must not mistrust him ? nor would I if I might."

"Right, child ; he is worthy of all your trust."

"And then, Sir, I am to have a thankful remembrance of his death. I can never think of his dying but I think also what a poor unworthy creature I am ; and yet he is so good to me. I wish I *could* thank him. Sir, I have been reading about his death. How could the people do as they did to him ? But it was all for our salvation. And then the thief on

the cross—that is beautiful. I hope he will remember me too, and that I shall always remember him and his death most thankfully.”

“And lastly, Jane, are you in charity with all men? Do you forgive all that have offended you? Do you bear ill will in your heart to any body?”

“Dear Sir! no; how can I? If God is so good to me, if he forgives me, how can I help forgiving others? There is not a person in all the world, I think, Sir, to whom I do not wish well for Christ’s sake, and that from the bottom of my heart.”

“How do you feel in regard to those bold, wanton, ill-tempered girls at the next door, who jeer and mock you so about your religion?”

“Sir, the worst thing I wish them is, that God may give them grace to repent; that he may change their hearts, and pardon all their wicked ways and words. May he forgive them, as I do with all my soul!”

She ceased—I wished to ask no more. My heart was full. “Can this be the religion of a child?” thought I; “O that we were all children like her!”

I then said, “My dear friends, I will now, with God’s blessing, partake with you in the holy communion of our Lord’s body and blood.”

The time was sweet and solemn. I went through the sacramental service.

The countenance and manner of the child evinced powerful feelings. Tears mingled with smiles;

resignation brightened by hope ; humility animated by faith ; childlike modesty adorned with the understanding of a riper age ; gratitude, peace, devotion, patience—all these were visible.

When I had concluded the service I said, " Now, my dear Jane, you are indeed a sister in the church of Christ. May his Spirit and blessing rest upon you—strengthen and refresh you ! "

" My mercies are great, very great, Sir, greater than I can express—I thank you for this favor—I thought I was too young—it seemed too much for me to think of ; but I am now sure the Lord is good to me, and I hope I have done right. "

" Yes, Jane ; and I trust you are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption. "

" Sir, I shall never forget this day. "

" Neither, I think, shall I. "

" Nor I, " said the good old woman ; " sure the Lord has been here in the midst of us three to-day, while we have been gathered together in his name. "

" Sir, " said the child, " I wish you could speak to my mother when you come again. I am so grieved about her soul ; and I am afraid she cares nothing at all about it herself. "

" I hope I shall have an opportunity the next time I come. Farewell, my child. "

" Good bye, Sir, and I thank you for all your kindness to me. "

"Surely," I thought within myself as I left the cottage, "this young bud of grace will bloom beautifully in Paradise. The Lord transplant it thither in his own good time! Yet, if it be his will, may she live a little longer, that I may farther profit by her conversation and example."

Jane was hastening fast to her dissolution. She still, however, preserved sufficient strength to converse with much satisfaction to herself and those who visited her. Such as could truly estimate the value of her spiritual state of mind were but few; yet the most careless could not help being struck with her affectionate seriousness, her knowledge of the Scriptures, and her happy application of them to her own case. "The holy spark divine," which regenerating grace had implanted in her heart, brightened as she drew near the close of life, and kindled into a flame which warmed and animated the beholder. To *some*, I am persuaded, her example and conversation were made a blessing. Memory reflects with gratitude, while I write on the profit and consolation which I individually derived from her society. Nor I alone. The last day will, if I err not, disclose farther fruits, resulting from the love of God to this little child; and, through her, to others that saw her. And may not hope indulge the prospect, that this simple memorial of her history shall be as an arrow drawn from the quiver of the

Almighty to reach the heart of the young and thoughtless? Direct its course, O my God! May the eye that reads, and the ear that hears, the record of little Jane, through the power of the Spirit of the Most High, each become a witness for the truth as it is in Jesus!

I remembered the tender solicitude of this dear child for her mother. I well knew what a contrast the dispositions and conduct of her parents exhibited, when compared with her own.

I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity I could seize, to speak to the mother in the child's presence. One morning soon after the interview above related, I chose another path for my visit. The distance was not quite half a mile from my house. The path was retired. I hereby avoided the noise and interruption which even a village street will sometimes present to disturb the calmness of interesting meditation.

As I passed through the church-yard and cast my eye on the memorable epitaph; "Soon," I thought within me, "will my poor little Jane mingle her mouldering remains with this dust, and sleep with her fathers! soon will the youthful tongue, which now lisps hosannas to the Son of David, and delights my heart with the evidences of early piety and grace, be silent in the earth! Soon shall I be called to commit her body to the ground, 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' But O! what

a glorious change ! Her spirit shall have then returned to God who gave it. Her soul will be joining the hallelujahs of Paradise, while we sing her requiem at the grave. And her very dust shall here wait, 'in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead.' ”

I went through the fields without meeting a single individual. I enjoyed the retirement of my solitary walk ; various surrounding objects contributed to excite useful meditation, connected with the great subjects of time and eternity. I was now arrived at the stile nearly adjoining her dwelling. The upper window was open, and I soon distinguished the sound of voices : I was glad to hear that of the mother. I entered the house-door unperceived by those above stairs, and sat down below, not wishing as yet to interrupt a conversation which quickly caught my ear.

“ Mother ! mother ! I have not long to live. My time will be very short. But I must, indeed I must say something for your sake before I die. O mother ! you have a soul—you have a soul ; and what will become of it when you die ? O my mother, I am so uneasy about your soul.”

“ O dear, I shall lose my child—she will die—and what shall I do when you are gone, my Jane ?”—she sobbed aloud.

“ Mother, think about your soul. Have not you neglected that ?”

"Yes, I have been a wicked sinner, and not loved that which was good. What can I do?"

"Mother, you must pray to God to pardon you for Christ's sake. You *must* pray."

"Jane, my child, I cannot pray; I never did pray in all my life. I am too wicked to pray."

"Mother, I have been wanting to speak to you a long time; but I was afraid to do it. You did not like me to say any thing about yourself, and I did not know how to begin. But indeed, mother, I must speak now, or it may be too late. I wish Mr. — was here, for he could talk to you better than I can. But perhaps you will think of what I say, poor as it is, when I am dead. I am but a young child, and not fit to speak about such things to any body. But, mother, you belong to me, and I cannot bear to think of your perishing for ever. My Lord and Savior has shown me my own sins and corruptions; he loved me and gave himself for me; he died and he rose again; I want to praise him for it for ever and ever. I hope I shall see him in heaven; but I want to see you there too, mother. Do, pray do, both father and you, leave off swearing and all other bad ways; go to church and hear our minister speak about Jesus Christ, and what he has done for wicked sinners. He wishes well to souls. He taught me the way, and he will teach you, mother. Do not be angry with me, mother; I only speak for your good. I was once as careless

as you are about the things of God. But I have seen my error. I was in the broad road leading to destruction, like many other children in the parish, and the Lord saw me, and had mercy upon me."

"Yes, my child, you was always a good girl, and minded your book."

"No, mother, no ; not always. I cared nothing about goodness, nor my Bible, till the minister came and sent for us, as you know, on Saturday afternoons. Don't you remember, mother, that at first you did not like me to go, and said you would have no such *godly pious* doings about *your* house ; and that I had better play about the streets and fields, than to be laughed at and made game of for pretending to be so good ? Ah, mother ! you did not know what I went for, and what God designed for me and my poor sinful soul. But, thank God, I did go, and there learned the way of salvation. Mother, I wish you had learned it too."

As I listened to this affecting conversation, it appeared to me, from the tone and manner of the mother's voice, that she was more under the influence of temporary grief, on account of her child's extreme illness, than sincere sorrow from any real sense of her sins. I however hoped the best, and rejoiced to hear such weighty and important exhortations dropping from her daughter's lips. I felt that present circumstances rendered it far more valuable than my own could have been.

I have often, since that time, seen the wicked and careless much affected while sitting by the dying bed of a near relative : I have witnessed their temporary acknowledgments of sin, and heard their professions of amendment. But, after a short season, all has passed away like the morning dew. The friend has been buried out of sight. The world and its cares, the flesh and its sins, have returned with new temptations, and the eloquence of iniquity has prevailed over the voice of truth.

On the other hand, how frequently have the death beds of true believers been blessed to the eye-witnesses of the triumphs of grace over sin, death, and hell ! Often has the careless bystander received the first saving impression of divine truth, while the dying Christian has experienced and testified the supports of love and mercy in the trying hour. At such seasons, faith wields a bright and burning torch, which occasionally softens the hardest, and warms the coldest heart. The expressions of that heavenly consolation and devout solicitude which the Holy Spirit vouchsafes to some, thus become the happy means of grace and blessing for the conversion and edification of others.

At this moment the house-door opened, and a younger child, a brother of Jane's, came in. The mother asked from above, who it was : the boy replied ; and, without farther inquiry, she remained in the chamber. I beckoned to the lad to sit down

quietly ; and thus it still remained unknown that I was below.

“ Mother,” continued Jane, “ that is my brother, and will soon be your only remaining child. Do, pray, encourage him to follow good ways ; and send him to Mr. —, and he will be kind to him, as he has been to me. He is a wild boy, but I hope he will be brought to think about his soul in time. Those naughty wicked boys teach him to swear and fight, and run after all manner of evil. Lord, help him to flee from the wrath to come !”

I made a sign to the boy to listen to what his sister said concerning him. He seemed to hear with attention, and a tear dropped down his cheek.

“ Ay, Jane, it is hoped he will, and that we all shall likewise.”

“ Mother, then you must flee to Christ. Nothing you can do will save you without that. You must repent and turn from sin—without the grace of God you will never do it ; but seek, and you shall find it. Do, for your own sake, and for my sake, and my little brother’s sake.”

The woman wept and sobbed, without replying. I now thought it time to appear, went to the bottom of the stairs, and said, “ May a friend come up ?”

“ Mercy on me !” said the mother ; “ there is Mr. —.”

“ Come in, Sir,” said Jane ; “ I am very glad you are come *now*. Mother, set a chair.”

The woman looked rather confused; Jane smiled as I entered, and welcomed me, as usual.

"I hope I shall be forgiven both by mother and daughter, for having remained so long below stairs, during the conversation which has just taken place. I came in the hope of finding you together, as I have had a wish for some time past to speak to you, Sarah, on the same subjects about which I am happy to say your daughter is so anxious. You have long neglected these things, and I wished to warn you of the danger of your state; but Jane has said all I could desire, and I now solemnly ask you whether you are not much affected by your poor child's faithful conversation? You ought to have been her teacher and instructor in the ways of righteousness; whereas now she is become *yours*. Happy, however, will it be for you, if you are wise and consider your latter end, and the things which belong to your peace, before they are hidden from your eyes! Look at your dying child, and think of your other and only remaining one, and say whether this sight does not call aloud upon you to hear and fear."

Jane's eyes were filled with tears while I spoke. The woman hung her head down, but betrayed some emotions of dislike at the plain dealing used towards her.

"My child, Jane," said I, "how are you to-day?"

"Sir, I have been talking a good deal, and feel rather faint and weary but my mind has been very

easy and happy since I last saw you. I am quite willing to die when the Lord sees fit. I have no wish to live, except it be to see my friends in a better way before I depart. Sir, I used to be afraid to speak to them; but I feel to-day as if I could hold my peace no longer, and I must tell them what the Lord has done for my soul, and what I feel for theirs."

There was a firmness, I may say dignity, with which this was uttered, that surprised me. The character of the child seemed to be lost in that of the Christian: her natural timidity yielded to a holy assurance of manner, resulting from her own inward consolations, mingled with spiritual desire for her mother's welfare. This produced a flush upon her otherwise pallid countenance, which in no small degree added to her interesting appearance. The Bible lay open before her as she sat up in the bed. With her right hand she inclosed her mother's.

"Mother, this book *you* cannot read; you should therefore go constantly to church, that you may hear it explained. It is God's book, and tells us the way to heaven; I hope you will learn and mind it; with God's blessing it may save your soul. Do think of that, mother, pray do. I am soon going to die. Give this Bible to my brother; and will you be so kind, Sir, as to instruct him? Mother, remember what I say, and this gentleman is witness: there is no salvation for sinners like you and me, but in the

blood of Christ ; he is able to save to the uttermost ; he will save all that come to him ; he waits to be gracious ; cast yourself upon his mercy. I wish—I wish—I—I.”

She was quite overcome, and sunk away in a kind of fainting fit.

Her mother observed that she would now probably remain insensible for some time before she recovered.

I improved this interval in a serious address to the woman, and then prepared to take my departure, perceiving that Jane was too much exhausted for farther conversation at that time.

As I was leaving the room the child said faintly, “ Come again soon, Sir ; my time is very short.”

I returned home by the same retired road which I had before chosen. I silently meditated on the eminent proofs of piety and faith which were just afforded me in the scene I had witnessed. Surely, I thought, this is an extraordinary child ! What cannot grace accomplish ? Is it possible to doubt, after this, *who* is alone the Author and Finisher of salvation ? or from *whom* cometh every good and perfect gift ? How rich and free is the mercy of Jehovah ! Hath not he “ chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ? ” Let no flesh glory in his presence ; but he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

At a very early hour on the morning of the fol-

lowing day, I was awake by the arrival of a messenger, bringing an earnest request that I would immediately go to the child, as her end appeared to be just approaching. It was not yet day when I left my house to obey the summons. The morning star shone conspicuously clear. The moon cast a mild light over the prospect, but gradually diminished in brightness, as the eastern sky became enlightened. The birds were beginning their song, and seemed ready to welcome the sun's approach. The dew plentifully covered the field, and hung suspended in drops from the trees and hedges. A few early laborers appeared in the lanes, traveling towards the scene of their daily occupations. All besides was still and calm. My mind, as I proceeded, was deeply exercised by thoughts concerning the affecting events which I expected soon to witness. The rays of the morning star were not so beautiful in my sight as the spiritual lustre of this young Christian's character. Her night was far spent; the morning of a better day was at hand. When I arrived at the house I found no one below; I paused a few minutes, and heard the girl's voice very faintly saying, "Do you think he will come? I should be so glad—so glad to see him before I die."

I ascended the stairs—her father, mother, and brother, together with the elderly woman before spoken of, were in the chamber. Jane's counte-

nance bore the marks of speedy dissolution. Yet although death was manifest in the languid features, there was something more than ever interesting in the whole of her external aspect. The moment she saw me, a renewed vigor beamed in her eyes—grateful affection sparkled in the dying face.

Although she had spoken just before I entered, yet for some time afterwards she was silent, but never took her eyes off me. There was animation in her look—there was more—something like a foretaste of heaven seemed to be felt, and gave an inexpressible character of spiritual beauty even in death.

At length she said, "This is very kind, Sir—I am going fast—I was afraid I should never see you again in this world."

I said, "My child, are you resigned to die?"

"Quite."

"Where is your hope?"

She lifted up her finger, pointing to heaven, and then directed the same downward to her own heart, saying successively as she did so, "Christ *there*, and Christ *here*."

These words, accompanied by the action, spoke her meaning more solemnly than can easily be conceived.

A momentary spasm took place. Looking towards her weeping mother, she said, "I am very cold, but it is no matter, it will soon be over."

She closed her eyes for about a minute, and on opening them again, she said, "I wish, Sir, when I am gone, you would tell the other children of the parish how good the Lord has been to me, a poor sinner—tell them that they who seek him early will find him—tell them that the ways of sin and ignorance are the way to ruin and hell; and pray tell them, Sir, from me, that Christ is indeed the way, the truth, and the life; he will in no wise cast out any that come. Tell them, that I, a poor girl——"

She was quite exhausted, and sunk, for a while, into a torpid state, from which, however, she recovered gradually, uttering these expressions: "Where am I?—I thought I was going—Lord, save me."

"My dear child, you will soon be for ever in *his* arms who is now guiding you, by his rod and staff, through the valley of the shadow of death."

"I believe so, indeed I do," said she; "I long to be with him! O, how good, how great, how merciful!—Jesus, save me, help me through this last trial."

She then gave one hand to her father, the other to her mother, and said, "God bless you—God bless you—seek the Lord—think of me when I am gone—it may be for your good—remember your souls—O! for Christ's sake, remember your souls, then all may be well; you cannot know what I have

felt for both of you. Lord, pardon and save my dear father and mother!"

She then took hold of her brother's hand, saying, "Thomas, I beg of you to leave off your bad ways; read the Bible—I give you mine—I have found it a precious book. Do you not remember our little brother who died some years since?—he was praying to the last moment of his life. Learn to pray while you are in health, and you will find the comfort and power of it when you come to die; but first of all pray for a new heart—without it you never will see God in heaven; your present way leads to misery and ruin. May the Lord turn your heart to love and follow him!"

To the other woman she said, "I thank you, Dame K——— for all your kindness since I have been ill; you have been a christian friend to me, and I hope the Lord will remember you for it, according to his rich mercy. You and I have many a time talked together about death; and though I am the youngest, he calls me first to pass through it; but, blessed be his name, I am not terrified. I once thought I never could die without fear, but indeed I feel quite happy now it is come; and so will you, if you trust him—he is the God both of the old and the young."

"Ah, my child!" said the woman, "I wish I was as fit to die as you are; but I fear that will never be—my sins have been many, very many."

“ Christ’s blood cleanseth from all sin,” said the child.

At this moment, instead of growing weaker through the fatigue of so much speaking, she seemed to gather fresh strength. She turned to me with a look of surprising earnestness and animation, saying,

“ You, Sir, have been my best friend on earth ; you have taught me the way to heaven, and I love and thank you for it—you have borne with my weakness and my ignorance—you have spoken to me of the love of Christ, and he has made me feel it in my heart—I shall see him face to face—he will never leave me nor forsake me—he is the same, and changes not. Dear Sir, God bless you.”

The child suddenly rose up, and with an unexpected exertion threw her livid, wasted arms around me as I sat on the bedside, laid her head on my shoulder, and said distinctly, “ God bless and reward you—give thanks for me to him—my soul is saved—Christ is every thing to me. Sir, we shall meet in heaven, shall we not ?—O yes, yes—then all will be peace—peace—peace——”

She sunk back on the bed, and spoke no more—fetched a deep sigh—smiled, and died.

At this affecting moment the first rays of the morning sun darted into the room, and seemed to describe the glorious change which her soul had now experienced.

For some time I remained silently gazing on the breathless corpse, and could hardly persuade myself that Jane was indeed no longer there.

As I returned homeward, I found it difficult to repress the strong feelings of affection which such a scene had excited. Neither did I wish it. Religion, reason, and experience rather bid us indulge, in due place and season, those tender emotions which keep the heart alive to its most valuable sensibilities. Jesus himself *wept* over the foreseen sorrows of Jerusalem. He *wept* also at the grave of his friend Lazarus. Such an example consecrates the tear of affection, while it teaches us, concerning them which are asleep, not to “sorrow as those that have no hope.”

I soon fell into meditation on the mysterious subject of the flight of a soul from this world to that of departed spirits. “Swifter than the rays of light from the sun, has this child’s spirit hastened, in obedience to its summons from God, to appear in his immediate presence. How solemn a truth is this! But, washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain, and happily made partaker of its purifying efficacy, she meets her welcome at the throne of God. Sin, death, and hell are vanquished through the power of Him who hath made her more than conqueror. He will himself present her to his Father, as one of the purchased lambs of his flock—as one whom the Spirit of God ‘has sealed unto the day of redemption.’

“What a change for her! from that poor, tattered chamber, to the regions of Paradise! from a bed of straw to the bosom of Abraham! from poverty, sickness and pain, to eternal riches, health, and joy! from the condition of a decayed, weary pilgrim, in this valley of tears, to that of a happy traveler, safely arrived at home, in the rest that remaineth to the people of God!

“I have lost a young disciple, endeared to me by a truly parental tie. Yet how can I complain of that as lost, which God has found? Her willing and welcome voice no longer seeks or imparts instruction here. But it is far better employed. The angels who rejoiced over her when her soul first turned to God, who watched the progress of her short pilgrimage, and who have now carried her triumphantly to the heavenly hills, have already taught her to join

‘In holy song, their own immortal strains.’

Why then should I mourn? The whole prospect, as it concerns her, is filled with joy and immortality: ‘Death is swallowed up in victory.’ ”

On the fourth day from thence Jane was buried I had never before committed a parishioner to the ground with similar affections. The attendants were not many, but I was glad to perceive among them some of the children who had been accustomed to receive my weekly private instructions along with

her. I wished that the scene might usefully impress their young hearts, and that God would bless it to their edification. As I stood at the head of the grave during the service, I connected past events, which had occurred in the church-yard, with the present. In this spot Jane first learned the value of that Gospel which saved her soul. Not many yards from her own burial-place was the epitaph which has already been described as the first means of affecting her mind with serious and solemn conviction. It seemed to stand, at *this* moment, as a peculiar witness for those truths which its lines proclaimed to every passing reader. Such an association of objects produced a powerful effect on my thoughts.

The evening was serene—nothing occurred to interrupt the quiet solemnity of the occasion. "Peace" was the last word little Jane uttered while living; and peace seemed to be inscribed on the farewell scene at the grave where she was laid. A grateful remembrance of that peace revives in my own mind, as I write these memorials of it; and O! may that peace which passeth all understanding be in its most perfect exercise, when I shall meet her again at the last day.

Attachment to the spot where this young Christian lay, induced me to plant a yew-tree close by the head of her grave, adjoining the eastern wall of the church. I designed it as an evergreen monument

of one who was dear to memory. The young plant appeared healthy for a while, and promised by its outward vigor long to retain its station. But it withered soon afterwards, and, like the child whose grave it pointed out to notice, early faded away and died. The yew-tree proved a frail and short-lived monument. But a more lasting one dwells in my own heart. And possibly this narrative may be permitted to transmit her memory to other generations, when the hand and heart of the writer shall be cold in the dust.

Perchance some, into whose hands these pages may fall, will be led to cultivate their spiritual young plants with increased hope of success in so arduous an endeavor. May the tender blossoms reward their care, and bring forth early and acceptable fruit !

Some, who have perhaps been accustomed to undervalue the character of *very* youthful religion, may hereby see that the Lord of grace and glory is not limited in the exercise of his power by age or circumstance. It sometimes appears in the displays of God's love to sinners, as it does in the manifestation of his works in the heavens, that the *least* of the planets moves in the nearest course to the sun, and there enjoys the most powerful influence of his light, heat, and attraction.

The story of this Young Cottager involves a clear evidence of the freeness of the operations of divine

grace on the heart of man ; of the inseparable connection between true faith and holiness of disposition ; and of the simplicity of character which a real love of Christ transfuses into the soul.

How many of the household of faith, in every age,

“ Alike unknown to fortune and to fame,”

have journeyed and are now traveling to their city of habitation,’ through the paths of modest obscurity, and almost unheeded piety ! It is one of the most interesting employments of the christian minister to search out these lilies of the valley, whose beauty and fragrance are nearly concealed in their shady retreats. To rear the flower, to assist in unfolding its excellencies, and bring forth its fruits in due season, is a work that delightfully recompenses the toil of the cultivator.

While he is occupied in this grateful task of laboring in his heavenly Master’s garden, some blight, some tempest may chance to take away a favorite young blossom in a premature stage of its growth.

If such a case should befall him, he will then perhaps, as I have often done, when standing in pensive recollection at little Jane’s grave, make an application of these lines, which are inscribed on a grave-stone erected in the same church-yard, and say,

“ This lovely bud, so young and fair,

“ Call’d hence by early doom,

“ Just came to show how sweet a flower

“ In Paradise would bloom.”

*Visit to the Graves of the Dairyman's Daughter
and Young Cottager, July, 1823.*

The most interesting reflections, says a writer in the London Baptist Magazine for June, 1824, were suggested by a visit to the *Isle of Wight*,* in company with a long-respected christian friend, who kindly solicited the writer to leave, for a few days, the cares and hurry of active life, for a scene so conducive to health and so exhilarating to the mind. It was scarcely possible to contemplate the works of God in that lovely island, without being reminded of that paradise which contributed to the happiness of our first parents in the days of their innocence, and which could not THEN fail to excite their holy admiration, and to elicit from them that glory to the Creator which corresponded with the powers with which they were endowed. We were effectually reminded, however, that the Isle of Wight was not the garden of Eden; for we beheld the memorials and the triumphs of death.

On entering the church-yards we saw, in *conspicuous* characters, the records of the generation that had passed away within our remembrance. Near *these* inscriptions we saw, in *fading* characters, a tribute of respect to the generation that passed away in the days of our fathers. We also saw stones and monuments covered with yellow and hoary lichen, and containing an account of the grandfathers, and great grandfathers, and still more remote ancestors, till our

* This beautiful island, which is about twenty-one miles long and thirteen broad, lies near the Southern shore of England.

attempts to make out the inscriptions ceased to be successful. On these occasions the reader may easily conceive that we were strongly impressed with the awful and extensive dominion of the king of terrors. Our object, however, was not so much to visit the tombs of the unknown among the dead, as to repair to those church-yards where we could find the sequestered spots devoted to those concerning whom we each could say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" In such researches we found the grave of "Little Jane," "the Young Cottager," in Brading church-yard, where the writer copied her epitaph.

On the following day, (July 16, 1823,) we visited the cottage where "the *Dairyman's Daughter*" had resided, and where she closed the days of her pilgrimage. Her mother, we were informed, did not long survive her affectionate daughter; and the aged Dairyman, we learned, had been dead a few years. The cottage is now occupied by her brother and his wife, both of whom we saw: and, among other interesting particulars, we were highly gratified with a sight of Elizabeth's Bible; on inspecting which, we saw not only her own hand-writing, but also that of a succession of ancestors for more than a century before her death.

Proceeding over the same ground as the funeral procession had done, we arrived at Arreton church-yard, where we found, without difficulty, the grave we sought. Indeed, every child seemed perfectly familiar with the spot.

The interesting Memoir, by Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, of the Author of the "Dairyman's Daughter," "the Young Cottager," and the "African Servant," substantiates each of those Tracts as a Narrative of facts which occurred under the author's ministry in the Isle of Wight, where he labored nearly eight years, when, in 1805, he was removed to Turvey, where he died, May, 1827, in the 56th year of his age, and the 30th of his ministry.

The Memoir contains a letter from Mr. John Higgins, a friend of Rev. Mr. Richmond, who, having obtained from him permission to examine the original letters of the Dairyman's Daughter, says, "It was not without pleasure and surprise I found, on the perusal of the originals, that they were in every respect as he had given them, with the exception of the bad spelling, the unnecessary use of capital letters, and a word which was here and there added or omitted to make the young woman's meaning more intelligible."

The Memoir also states that the Rev. Mr. Hughes, one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, visited the spot where the Dairyman's Daughter formerly resided, and "interrogated her brother, whether the circumstances of the story were precisely the same as related in the Tract. To this he replied, there was *only one* fact that was misrepresented. Being asked, with some degree of anxiety, what the fact was, he observed, that Mr. Richmond had described *a vine*, trained by the side of the window, whereas it was *not a vine, but an apple-tree*."

Nothing could be more satisfactory as to the essential authenticity of the Narrative. The Memoir states

(in 1828,) that 4,000,000 copies of this Tract were said then to have been circulated in nineteen different languages.

The reports of Tract Societies relate multitudes of instances in which this Tract has been blessed in the conversion of souls to God. Many such accounts were directly transmitted to the author, the last of which, received by him but 24 hours before his death, was that of a clergyman whose antipathy against Tract Societies had induced him to select the Dairyman's Daughter for the purpose of criticising and exposing its defects. In the perusal of it he was so penetrated by the truths it contained, that the pen of criticism fell from his hand, and he was himself added as another trophy of Divine grace.

In 1822, Rev. Mr. Richmond visited the Isle of Wight, and the following is an extract of a pastoral letter, addressed, during his absence, to his congregation at Turvey: "I went one day to a part of my old parish where religion most prevailed, and sent word that I should be glad to shake hands with as many as would come down to the sea-shore, where I sat upon a rock. More than 500 men, women, and children came, and I gave each a Tract and a blessing. It was a scene full of deep and trying affections. I can never describe it, or think of it, without ardent feelings. We have put up grave-stones to Little Jane and the Dairyman's Daughter. Some hundreds attended, and the Tracts were distributed that respect those dear persons. It was a time of great feeling, and a tribute of much love was paid to the graves of the deceased. Some were there weeping with gratitude in having been brought

to God through the reading of those very Tracts. The father and mother of Little Jane were at the grave while the stone was putting up. We then went to the house where she died, and the 'Young Cottager's' Tract was given to every one that came. It will be a sweet day of remembrance to me, for it took place on September 12. On that day, twenty-five years ago, I first received my own serious impressions through reading Mr. Wilberforce's book on Christianity, in my little study, at Brading; and Little Jane was the first fruits of my change of principles."

The Rev. Mr. Richmond received, in Scotland, numerous testimonies to the usefulness of his Tracts. On one occasion he distributed a copy of the 'Young Cottager' to each of sixty Sabbath School scholars, who encircled themselves around him. "Not an eye," he says, "was dry, and my own with difficulty allowed me to go through the simple and interesting ceremony. One girl, who was, two years since, converted by God's blessing on this Tract, as she approached me, was so affected, that she dropped on her knees and burst into tears."

The first of the following epitaphs on the grave-stones of the Dairyman's Daughter and the Young Cottager, was written by a lady, the other by the faithful and affectionate minister to whom the world is indebted for these records of their religious experience.

TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,

"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Who died, May 30, 1801, aged 31 years.

She being dead, yet speaketh.

Stranger, if e'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He, who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest pleasures of his boundless love—
Faith, that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy
And love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she linger'd here.
Oh! happy saint, may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

SACRED TO THE

MEMORY OF LITTLE JANE,

Who died Jan. 30, 1799, in the 15th year of her age.

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore
"The short and simple annals of the poor."
A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear—
Jane, the 'Young Cottager,' lies buried here.

Journal of a Visit to the Isle of Wight, by Rev. James Milnor, D. D. Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society, in the year 1830.

We were now approaching Brading, where the Rev Legh Richmond commenced his ministry, were passing through the rich and delightful scenery which he so tastefully describes, and about to behold, and in some instances to press with our footsteps, those almost hallowed spots on which occurred events the remembrance of which he has perpetuated in those memorable Tracts, the "Young Cottager," the "African Servant," and the "Dairyman's Daughter." We had with us these invaluable Tracts, and employed ourselves in reading such parts of them especially as were calculated to direct our attention to the several places which he does not name, but describes with such fidelity to nature, that the observant traveler needs no other guide to point them out. I am glad that we can bear our testimony to the accuracy of his descriptions, because many have supposed them to be principally fanciful, and on this account much that adds greatly to the interest of his narrative, and is highly instructive in showing the Christian the religious feeling with which the works of the great Creator should be viewed, and the profitable use to which their contemplation may be applied, has been in many editions of them omitted. Though not so intended by the curtailers of these Tracts, the retrenchments in my opinion, is an injustice to their lamented author, and an injury to the narratives themselves.

On arriving at Brading, we drove immediately to the church-yard where are interred the remains of little Jane. There were several children playing near the gate. I asked a fine-looking little girl if she could show us the grave of Jane, the Young Cottager. "O yes," she said, and advanced before us as our guide. After showing us the grave of Jane, and standing over it as long as we desired, in silent but affecting meditation, she told us she would show us the verses on Mr. and Mrs. Berry's tomb-stone, that Jane had got by heart, and repeated to Mr. Richmond. "Well, my dear," said I, "the reading of these verses helped Jane to become a good girl, and to die happy, did it not?" She answered, "Yes, Sir," as she did my next inquiry, whether she would not try to be as good a girl and die as happy as little Jane. The epitaphs which little Jane committed to memory, and especially the one on Mr. B.'s tomb-stone, which was probably the means, under God, of her first serious impressions, are both pious and affecting; and their influence on the mind of this youthful candidate for heaven may show the simple means the Holy Spirit often employs to accomplish the conversion of the soul to God.

We went from the grave-yard into the church, a very ancient structure, not less, the sexton assured us than eleven hundred years old. It has been enlarged since its first erection, and is remarkable for nothing, in its interior, but two singular tombs with wooden effigies of the deceased, several plainer but apparently very old monuments of stone, and a most helter-skelter inconvenient arrangement of the pews. Its location, however, is at once sequestered and convenient to the

village, above which it is considerably elevated. The parsonage, a comfortable-looking abode, is immediately adjacent to the church-yard. From the church, the view of Brading Haven, the bay beyond, the elevated hill on the right, and the sloping bank upon the left, and the other scenery described by Mr. Richmond in the *Young Cottager*, as seen from this spot, are all just as there represented. On our way from Brading to Sandown-bay, the prospects were variegated and pleasing, and as we passed the fort, we emerged upon one of the grandest views of the ocean through the bay we had yet seen. Here was pointed to us the high down which Mr. Richmond describes in the *African Servant*, the perpendicular cliff in which it terminates, and the jutting rock under which he discovered and conversed so interestingly with his sable friend. Nothing could be more true to nature than the surrounding scenery as he describes it in that Tract.

We saw the cottage of the celebrated John Wilkes, in the garden of which are flourishing several rose-bushes, said to have been planted by his own hands. It is very near the water, but on an eminence so raised above it as to present an extensive sea-view. We then proceeded on to the village of Shanklin, consisting of a few neat cottages, and stopped at a residence bearing nothing of a tavern aspect, but affording us the refreshment we needed. After our lunch we walked down to what is called Shanklin Chine, a large romantic fissure or chasm in the cliff that fronts upon the sea. The descent to the beach is by an ordinary road, and then you return again through the chasm to Shanklin. No description extant of this singular spot is either so

minutely accurate or so beautiful as that given by Mr. Richmond in the "Young Cottager," as one of his places of solitary religious meditation. We occupied the same "little hollow recess in the cliff" from which he surveyed and delineated the scenery around. We there read deliberately his graphic description of the various interesting objects that lay before him, and could discern no difference between it and the noble scene in actual view, except that a mist hid from us "the towering spire" of the Chichester cathedral, that in these peaceful times we beheld no "frigate standing into the bay," and but few vessels of any description happened at that time to enliven the prospect. We lingered long upon and near the beach, and then proceeded up the chine, along the side of which the fishermen have formed a convenient footpath, with a resting-place or two on the way, where an interesting point of observation happened to offer. Several neat cottages with small gardens have been erected within the fissure, each of which, while sheltered from the weather by its lofty sides, enjoys an extensive prospect of the sea.

Returning to the village, we resumed our carriage, and passing by Shanklin church, a neat old edifice, we came to Bonchurch village, which is quietly seated in what is called the undercliff, a deep recess between a very lofty eminence or down on the inland side, and a high bank towards the sea. We got out of the carriage and proceeded along the bank, for the sake of the view which it presented of some excellent scenery not before disclosed. Below the village we threaded the way down a foot-path to the road, and got into our

carriage, our course now lying up a valley between gently sloping but lofty hills on either side. Landscapes of peculiar beauty and variety, exhibiting numberless fields of grain nearly ripe for the harvest, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, with here and there a company of hay-makers busily employed, presented themselves in ever-changing aspects as we ascended or descended the successive slopes of this delightful valley. We had long in sight, and at length passed at some distance, the splendid seat and extensive park and grounds of Lord Yarborough, called Appuldurcomb. Travelers have given rapturous descriptions of the interior and its rich collections of paintings and sculpture. Of these we shall probably never have a sight ; but it was commended to our notice by circumstances of a very different kind. It was there that the sister of the Dairyman's Daughter died, whose funeral Mr. Richmond attended at the request of the latter ; and where, on a visit about a week after, he had his first conversation with her whose religious experience, as narrated by that faithful minister, has had a more extensive influence in the world than ever attended any similar publication. He gives in the Dairyman's Daughter a correct account of the situation and appearance of Appuldurcomb, and of the adjacent scenery. We saw "the summit of the hill adjoining" the venerable mansion, to which he ascended after the visit referred to ; the triangular pyramid of stone near which he sat down to meditate, and the magnificent surrounding prospect. In full view of this elevated spot we read his extended description, and turned southward, and south-eastward, and northward, and

westward, and admired, as he had done, the unequalled beauty of the scene. Certainly neither of us had ever read the descriptive part of the Dairyman's Daughter with the like interest and emotions. My feelings obliged me to resign the book to my companions, and under the various emotions the narrative and the scene excited, it was difficult for any of us to prosecute our reading; but with an intensity of interest we gazed upon the lovely prospect until it could be no longer seen.

We now approached Arreton, the village in the church-yard of which lie interred the mortal remains of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the sainted daughter of the Dairyman. About a mile from it we stopped before the cottage from which her soul ascended to its rest, and were kindly received by her surviving brother, a man now advanced in years, and still a resident in the mansion of his birth. He showed us Elizabeth's Bible, in which was simply written, "Elizabeth Wallbridge, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Wallbridge; born 1771—died 1801;" and took us up stairs into the room in which she expired. We added our names to a long list in a book kept by her brother for the purpose, and then took our leave; Mr. Wallbridge in a very respectful manner thanking us for our visit.

Our simplicity in finding satisfaction in such a visit, would be a fruitful subject of derision to men of the world; but if they will indulge our simplicity, and we can enjoy feelings such as these scenes excited, let them laugh, and we will delight in every thing calculated to cherish the memory of the pious dead.

On leaving the cottage, our path was the same as

that over which moved the funeral procession of the Dairyman's Daughter, in the manner so affectingly described by Mr. Richmond. It lay through a narrow but excellent road, winding between high green hedges, and sometimes under an arch formed by the trees on either side; a lofty cultivated hill on the right, and a charming view of the luxuriant valley now and then breaking upon us to the left. As we read the account of the solemn passage of the mourning yet rejoicing relatives and friends of the deceased, we were ready almost to realize its actual vision, and hear the pious strains of melody as they then filled the air and ascended to the skies. Thus prepared, we reached Arreton church, and leaving our carriage to ascend the hill without us, we went to the grave of Elizabeth, read the beautiful lines which love of her character and the recollection of her triumphant death have caused to be inscribed on her simple monument, meditated for a while on her present glorious state, dropped a tear of sympathy, but not of sorrow, and silently retired.

From this to Newport, our destined resting-place, we could only talk on things connected with the scenes, and incidents, and reflections of the day; uniting in the sentiment, that Paris, with all its palaces, and gardens, and paintings, and statues, had afforded no such gratification to our eyes as the glorious works of God on which they had dwelt in this enchanting island; and none of its multiplied attractions such an inward feast as the mental associations of this day's travel had supplied.

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